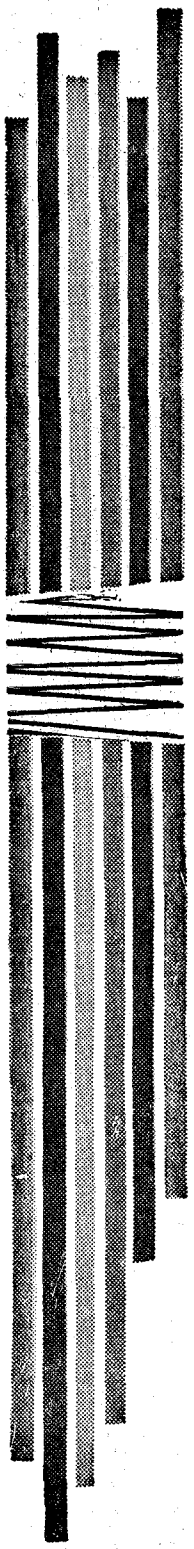
THE
NATION

NOVEMBER 24, 1962 . . 25c



Fall Books

The Historian—

as PLAYWRIGHT — *Loren Baritz*

as PSYCHIATRIST — *Theodore Roszak*

as DIPLOMAT — *Christopher Lasch*

as SPECIAL PLEADER — *Louis Ruchames*

as SCHOLAR — *Adrienne Koch*

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LETTERS

The Articulate Colonel

Dear Sirs: Not too many years ago the Annual Meeting of the American Psychiatric Association took place in Chicago. At that time, the chairman of the section on military psychiatry opened his remarks with the statement that there was no such thing as military psychiatry. Reading John Greenway's recent article ["The Colonel's Korean 'Turncoats,'" Nov. 10], it occurred to me that the eminent Colonel William Erwin Mayer serves as an illustrious example.

May I suggest that the Colonel participate in military action anywhere that is likely to lead to capture? This would enable him to give us a first-hand demonstration of his ability to overcome the "moral decay" among our young men, and to present us with a concrete example of resisting "give-up-itis."

MARTIN J. GUNTER, Ph.D., M.D.
Fellow, Am. Psych. Assoc.
Akron, O.

Dear Sirs: Your story of "The Colonel's Korean 'Turncoats'" is to be commended. I am sure that this article had significance not only for me but also for many *Nation* readers.

Being enrolled at a compulsory ROTC program at a university, I was subjected to Colonel Mayer's inspiring address via a tape recording. I was stunned by his generalizations and over-simplifications on the subject of brainwashing. At that time, I questioned his knowledge of the subject.

It wasn't until the Nov. 10 issue of *The Nation* that I received a reasonable account of Col. Mayer's activities. Congratulations to John Greenway for a job well done. IRVIN M. HAAS
Columbus, O.

The 'Real' Romney?

Dear Sirs: Now that George Romney has won the Michigan governorship, it is important that the country have an accurate picture of him and the campaign he conducted. B. J. Widick's article (October 27) on the Michigan campaign omitted certain elements of this picture.

1. Romney's "fighting independent" posture is, at root, a reflection of a great "leader" psychosis. Romney denies the necessity of interest group pressure as a vital aspect of the democratic process. *The Wall Street Journal*, on October 15, pointed out that [his] "enshrinement of leadership as 'the determinant factor in human activity' goes beyond partisan tactics or even the habitual and conventional ego of the successful politician. It seems to approach a mystical faith in his own ability. . . ." The subjugation of normal social group interest to the will of the man who stands above classes is not new in politics.

2. Gov. Swainson, in the first TV debate, effectively tore into Romney's claims to leadership. He pointed out that Romney had been rejected by his own party as chairman of the recent State Constitutional Convention. Swainson charged further that Romney was forced to "sell out" to out-of-state reactionaries on basic constitutional issues. In the second debate, Romney forsook the mantle of "above class" leadership and repeatedly attacked the AFL-CIO's Gus Schoole like any hack politician.

3. Creekmore, the UAW local president who backed Romney, was overwhelmingly repudiated by his local and was forced to resign. Romney's efforts at shop gates were uniformly discouraging.

4. The Negro Community backed Swainson solidly. Romney ran on a lily-white slate. He has been vague on specific civil-rights issues. Swainson's civil-rights record is excellent.

5. Mr. Widick's article seriously downgraded Swainson by omission. The Governor fought and vetoed Birch-inspired anti-Communist legislation; stopped the State Police showing of *Operation Abolition;* vetoed legislation, against heavy pressure, which would have eliminated unemployment insurance for workers thrown out of work by out-of-state strikes; and worked for public-welfare legislation. MARK SOLOMON
Detroit, Mich.

Lord Russell's Constituency

Dear Sirs: Bertrand Russell himself, I think, would be the first to agree with British historian A. L. Rowse, whose letter in *The New York Times* of Nov. 4 calls the political views of the great philosopher those of a "quite unrepresentative Briton." Russell indeed does not represent the majority of his fellow countrymen who so blindly support a government that permits U.S. nuclear bases and Polaris submarines within its sovereign state, and which, according to a dispatch in the *Times* from London, now "believes in the establishment of a European nuclear deterrent." Instead, it seems to me that Lord Russell represents a larger constituency: he speaks for *humanity*. He is delegate for the millions of people in every land, of every political creed, who fervently long for peace and who seek in vain, in their elected representatives and self-appointed rulers, that "sanity and magnanimity; the willingness to do all that is required" which alone can now save the world from atomic incineration.

New York City TAYLOR ADAMS

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Der Spiegel

Der Spiegel has long been a thorn in the side of the Bonn Government, and especially obnoxious to Franz Josef Strauss, the Defense Minister who incessantly yearns and intrigues to obtain nuclear arms for the *Wehrmacht*. Strauss has long been engaged in wrangling and litigation with Rudolph Augstein, *Der Spiegel*'s publisher. In its October 10 issue, the magazine printed a story alleging that NATO maneuvers held in September showed that West German military efficiency was low and that the Russians could reach the Rhine in a week if war came. Sixteen days later, at midnight, despite the Federal Republic's constitutional guarantees of a free press, the police raided the editorial office in Hamburg and the homes of Augstein and his editors. The men were arrested and charged with treason. The author of the article, Conrad Ahlers, was vacationing in Spain. Franco's police seized him and handed him over to the German police, not bothering with due process or any such nonsense. Strauss denied any connection with Ahlers' arrest; it turned out that he was lying. He had telephoned the Germany military attaché in Madrid and asked him to have the journalist brought back to Germany. Another bizarre feature of the case was that the Minister of Justice in the Adenauer Cabinet, Wolfgang Stammberger, was not apprised of the plans to crack down on *Der Spiegel*. He is a Free Democrat. His assistants, members of Adenauer's Christian Democrats, took matters into their own hands. And, of course, Adenauer himself must have known what was afoot.

At first the Chancellor tried to brazen out the charges of Gestapo-like action in his familiar fashion. When the Free Democrats threatened to resign and bring down the government, he still defended his subordinates. In the past, the Free Democrats' bark has been worse than their bite, but this time they seemed to be serious. Finally, Adenauer made scapegoats of the two officials who had taken orders from Strauss rather than from their boss, Stammberger; and, severely shaken, he departed for Washington.

When one reviews the scandal, one must conclude that *Der Spiegel* is not merely the name of a magazine. It is also a mirror in which one may see the face of the new Germany, and it is not as different from the Germany of Wilhelm II and Adolf Hitler, in all respects, as propagandists would have us believe.

The Double-Edged Weapon

Since Castro made the return of Guantanamo one of the conditions for peaceful coexistence with the United States, scores of stateside newsmen have portrayed it as the most precious jewel in the diadem of American bases. The lease is in perpetuity, one of them points out, and, "as of now," we have no intention of surrendering it any sooner.

The fence around the base has much the same effect, of course, on Castro's Cubans as the wall has on West Berliners: it is the fence which symbolizes a hateful alien presence. On two recent occasions, Cubans have thrown rocks at the Marines dug in along the fence. The local Marine command accordingly decided on a show of strength. A notice appeared on the bulletin board at the Guantanamo news center: "There will be an armored run along the fence at 8:30 A.M." The run might have proved eventful, but somebody in Washington spoiled the fun. After a hurried conference in the quarters of the Admiral in command of the base, the show of strength was abruptly canceled.

But when there is nothing else to write about, an interview is always in order. So Jim G. Lucas of the Scripps-Howard staff decided to have a talk with Lance Corporal Jerry Golden, twenty-two, in command of "the best damned ten-man squad in the best platoon in the best company of the best battalion in the best damned Marine Corps in the world." Also interviewed was PFC John Carnisky, twenty-one, Corporal Golden's assistant, and a couple of eighteen-year-old Marines at another outpost. With these fighting men and the company commander, Capt. Barry Colossard, Lucas nearly saw action. Two Cubans, it was reported, were trying to get over the fence. Lucas was given a helmet, but the Cubans disappeared and he did not receive his baptism of rocks. But he did ascertain the state of mind of the young American warriors. They feel frustrated. They came to fight, and there has been no fighting. Without knowing

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precisely why, they detest the Cubans who, for the moment at least, are "the enemy." The Cuban militiaman—"Reuben the Cuban"—has two pastimes, frolicking with militia girls and "manning awesome secret weapons trained down our throats." He is capable both of diabolic cunning and indescribable stupidity.

Lucas got a story all right, but it was not perhaps the one that should have beeen written. The very newspapers that contend that we should hang on to Guantanamo in perpetuity are the ones which, by such vivid on-the-spot reporting, give Castro a perfect case for demanding a return of the base. And if there is any truth in Arthur Sylvester's contention that news should be used "as a weapon," then it should be kept in mind that it often turns out to be two-edged.

The Unreported War

A major issue has been joined between the Administration and the press over the so-called management of the news. On the one hand, the Administration claims the right to manage the news in certain areas, at certain times, for certain purposes; on the other hand, the press rejects this claim while asserting that it is always willing to be "responsible." But neither contention quite comes to grips with the anomalous situation that exists in South Vietnam where, as Bem Price of the Associated Press pointed out, the biggest "secret" war in history is being fought. In this instance, the press has attempted to report the facts to the American public, but it has come up against the rigorous censorship of the Diem regime. The position of Homer Bigart of *The New York Times*, one of the ablest reporters who ever tried to cover the "secret" war, became so intolerable that he was glad to get home. *Newsweek's* man has been tossed out, so has the NBC correspondent.

True, an occasional glimmer of information comes through the Diem censorship. For example, Mr. Price quotes Malcolm Browne, of the Associated Press, who reported that American military men have been stoned repeatedly by Diem's soldiers. He himself was a target while riding with U. S. officers. A colonel in Intelligence told Browne that this was a common occurrence. If so, it must be known in Washington, but inquiries at the Pentagon turned up no one who would admit that he had ever heard of such a thing. In this case, the Administration is not so much attempting to "manage the news" as it is trying to suppress it—at the source.

Even if we must, for appearances' sake, keep up the pretense that Diem is not a puppet, we could surely lodge a protest over the treatment of accredited American newsmen; and we could, if we wished, make Diem heed it. But the fact is that Washington is not at all anxious to have the facts of the "secret" war reported in the American press. What the press could do, on its side, is precisely what Mr. Price has done, namely, call attention to the censorship that exists in South Vietnam. But the further point needs to be hammered home that Diem's censorship there is abetted by Washington. We have 10,000 troops (the admitted figure: the actual figure may be higher) in South Vietnam today; the facts of this "secret" war—which is more of a war than we realize—we need to know. Or does the citizen no longer have a right to know what is being done with his money, and may be done with his life?

The Biography of W. H. Ferry

In a speech delivered before the Western States Democratic Conference in Seattle on August 6, W. H. Ferry, vice president of The Fund for the Republic, had the temerity to take a few swings at J. Edgar Hoover. He will never hear the last of it. For the rest of his life he will be known as the man who criticized Hoover.

What led to the debacle was a newspaper column Mr. Hoover wrote for his friend Victor Riesel. Couched in the usual purple prose of the great Red-hunter, it began: "Entirely apart from the deadly danger of espionage activities operating under the cover of every Russian-run establishment in the United States, we must recognize the fact that a powerful foreign government has, at this moment, an advance detachment within our borders." It went on in this vein for a few paragraphs, asking whether American citizens could be changed into "irresolute, half-hearted, irresponsible weaklings," i.e., people who didn't go all the way with J. Edgar Hoover.

Mr. Ferry thought, and said, that this was a distorted and overdrawn view. He devoted about 10 per cent of his remarks to Mr. Hoover's literary effusion and the other 90 per cent to the proper function of a politics devoted to the common good, the poverty of forty million Americans in the affluent society, the unequal treatment of Negroes, arms budgets, anti-intellectualism, etc. These strictures were unanimously ignored by the wire services. Nothing but the maltreatment of J. Edgar Hoover was news.

Now comes Fulton Lewis, Jr., quoting Rep. Francis Walter, to inform the world that Ferry is a "veteran leftist." His "radicalism," we are told, dates back to his college days. During World War II he was publicity director for the CIO Political Action Committee; in this interval, when the United States was fighting fascism, Ferry was "close to" officers of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, cited as a Red-front organization some ten years later. Recently he participated in a conference organized by Dr. and Mrs. Linus Pauling, and he has associated with other questionable citizens, such as Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy, editors of the *Monthly Review*, who are likewise critical of Hoover.

The Lewis-Walter biography has the virtue of brevity, but it leaves out a good deal. Ferry "associated"

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also with Nelson Rockefeller and John Rockefeller at Dartmouth and later. He played center on the football team. His father, still living, was president and chairman of the Packard Motor Company. During the war, the younger Ferry was executive officer of the Southwest Strategic Bombing Survey of the Air Corps. He has been a partner in the public-relations firm of Earl Newsom & Company, which handles such accounts as Standard Oil of New Jersey, Ford Motor Company, American Locomotive and Henry Ford, II. At the instance of Paul Hoffman, then head of the Ford Foundation, he took over public relations for The Fund for the Republic before becoming its vice president.

This leftist has been a lay reader in the Episcopal Church and taught at the Choate School. Among his students were John F. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy, young men who later attained some prominence. He taught classics, the Bible and football.

We hope Mr. Ferry has learned his lesson. If you say anything about J. Edgar Hoover, confine yourself to devout praise. People may pay no attention, since everyone else praises the great man, but you might slip in some ideas on the side. And you will escape the biographical ministrations of Fulton Lewis, Jr., and Francis Walter.

Congo Drums Again

The UN's patience in handling the Congo problem would appear to be inexhaustible; its finances and manpower, however, definitely are not. That is why the current flurry of diplomatic maneuvers, similar to those which, in the past, have managed to abort crises by postponing solutions, may not now work. In the first place, the UN has funds to maintain its Congo force until year's end and no longer. Secondly, India, whose 7,000 troops comprise the largest single contribution to the Congo force, may reasonably be said to have more immediate contingencies to meet.

Committed to a unified Congo, the UN can bring about a showdown in three ways: (1) a declaration of war against Tshombe; (2) the institution of sanctions against him; (3) the withdrawal of the UN force. Whatever the choice, the Security Council must make it, not U Thant. At the moment, no one in the Security Council is seriously urging war. If there is to be a decision in favor of sanctions, it must be a positive one, untainted by the abstentions or reservations of any of the Western powers. Or if the UN force is to bow out, again the Security Council—and most particularly the Western permanent members—must so decree, so that the world will know where the responsibility lies for the chaos which will inevitably follow.

A decision to withdraw will undoubtedly make a lot of people happy—the English, French, Belgian and Russian governments, and Tshombe himself (who, it is rumored, would quickly become Prime Minister of a unified Congo). There will be civil war, complicated by tribal war, and blood will run until Union Minière, backed by the military forces which powerful industrial cartels somehow manage to find in emergencies, comes to the rescue of Katanga copper. Thus things will be back where they started, but probably not for long. For in the years to come, Southern Rhodesia, Angola, even South Africa, will emerge from white domination and begin to covet Katanga's copper as their own.

If the UN withdraws, it will be blamed, for a while, for starting something it could not finish. But the ultimate historian of this grisly chapter of emergent Africa, we are convinced, will put the blame where it belongs: on the international financial and industrial interests that have been sabotaging the UN operation in the Congo from the beginning.

Fortunately, it is still not too late for the Security Council to reshape Congo history before it is written.

The Murder of Santa Claus

When the Post Office printed the Dag Hammarskjold commemorative stamps, a few of them came off the press with the overlay upside down and out of register. The error was not detected and the defective stamps went on sale. A typical instance of what happened subsequently is the experience of Leonard Sherman, a thirty-eight-year-old jewelry salesman of Irvington, New Jersey. He bought fifty of the stamps in one sheet. When he discovered the error, he estimated the value of his treasure at $500,000. This may have been high, but the stamps were actually worth a fortune.

But not for long. The Post Office ordered the printing of 400,000 stamps with the same defect. "Discovering the stamps gave my wife and me a momentary dream of being able to give our five sons a proper education," Mr. Sherman said despondently to the reporters. "The Post Office Department's decision to reprint them ruins everything."

From a rational viewpoint, the philatelist's passion for misprinted stamps makes little sense. It is as if a magazine were treasured for its typographical errors, or as if a heating contractor, having installed an inefficient boiler, were to demand extra payment because it was the worst heating job in town.

Thus the Post Office has logic on its side. But the decision will not be popular. In the industrialized countries, despite the fact that productivity has increased to a point where everyone could be wealthy and free, most men grub for their livings and are never free from anxiety, if not actual want. Everybody wants to strike it rich. One stamp expert denounced the reprint order as immoral and unethical. It may not be that, but it strikes a blow at pecuniary romance which will not endear the Post Office to ordinary Americans.

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FALL BOOK ISSUE

The Uses of History

AT A time when the citizen feels himself a bit player in a world melodrama that one day will provide history with some of its most vivid pages, it seems appropriate to turn this fall book issue over to a group of historians for a discussion of the preoccupations, problems and opportunities of their craft. In part, the issue deals with the philosophical assumptions of history (Loren Baritz considers the art of it; Theodore Roszak calls attention to its psychological potential). In part, the contributors discuss technique: Christopher Lasch, using George F. Kennan as an example, demonstrates the relationship of history to diplomacy; Louis Ruchames, with the Civil War as his model, shows how historians, being men, are influenced by the intellectual assumptions of their times. Finally, the special rewards and joys that history offers its servants are evident in Adrienne Koch's eloquent discussion of the new riches provided by the nation-wide campaign that is now assembling, interpreting and publishing the great collections of letters that embody the mind and spirit of the American Enlightenment.

The Historian as Playwright

Loren Baritz

IT IS the historian's task to breathe a kind of life into the dead. He cannot recreate the real lives his subjects lived, so he must create the illusion of reality through the use of his art. Using those remains of the past that have not been lost or destroyed, and remembering that much of the past never found its way to any kind of record, the historian is faced with the knowledge that he cannot discover all he needs to know of the dead in order to tell their story as it actually happened. Those vast parts of the past which have not come to the present in the form of some kind of usable record are the precise areas where the historian's greatest art must be brought to play. He must explain as well as narrate; he must show how and why his characters moved from the first scene to the last, how the situation of the opening act became that of the final act. He is a teller of stories, of stories that were once acted out. He provides the script and stage directions for a play that is over, for actors who usually improvised, and for a play no man has ever seen in all its fullness. In a basic sense, the historian is a playwright after the fact.

It is the tradition of classical drama that is being used as a model here. The contemporary theatre of the absurd is not drama in the traditional sense but is something else best called "theatre" or metadrama. Metahistory is also being written now, and Norman O. Brown's *Life Against Death* is a good example; the substantive but not structural parallels between that work and, say, Beckett's plays, could also be drawn. No historian, to my knowledge, has yet attempted plotlessness, though it would be neither impossible nor undesirable. Playwrights have generally seen more clearly and more quickly than historians, and if the theatre of the absurd is really seeing something, one could predict that historians will some day follow its lead.

A further qualification is necessary: the model of history that underlies this argument is that which has a human center. Histories of forces, movements or institutions do not and cannot have dramatic structure. If the historian is concerned only with the Greek chorus, as in social history, the necessary absence of protagonists demands a different model. Some kinds of economic and intellectual history, too, may focus on abstractions too disembodied for a dramatic model. The theatre does, after all, require flesh, and only to the extent that the historian is concerned with the conduct and perhaps thought of once fleshy creatures does he necessarily, I think, pay court to Clio and Melpomene as twin muses.

It is useful to recall the analysis of Sophocles' *Oedipus* in Fergusson's *The Idea of A Theatre*. I take the language he used to analyze dramaturgy as equally applicable to historiography. Fergusson wrote that we may imagine the dramatist composing in three stages: "1. He makes the plot: i. e., arranges the events of the story in such a way as to reveal the seeking action from which they come. 2. He develops the characters of the story as individualized forms of 'quest' [or action]. 3. He expresses or realizes their actions by means of the words they utter in the various situations of the plot."

BUT would not a literal application of this scheme to the historian's art tend to overlook the fact that he is dealing with something called "reality," that he must reconstruct—not construct—the past from the materials with which he necessarily works? It might seem that the playwright is freer than the historian, that there is more liberty and creativity in writing a script to be acted than in writing one that already has been acted. Hamlet, I think, knew better: "the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." If that is the task of the playwright, and so I think it to be, his creativity is limited by the boundaries of the truth he knows, or thinks he knows. The truth to be told by either the playwright or historian is told by the art of the teller, and not by an allegedly scientific presentation of those facts which have happened to stumble to hand. The historian's freedom is equally limited only by human experience, and his basic tools are knowledge, sympathy and art. Obviously, the historian cannot invent facts, but he must arrange them; that arrangement is the plot of his narrative, and the significance and meaning of those facts are necessarily a result of the historian's own conception of himself, his craft and the motivations of men. Of course the historian must tell the truth, must try to capture change in words, must remain faithful to the play as it was acted. That play's the thing, and no one has ever witnessed it.

The inherently dramatic acts and scenes of the past merely provide the historian with suitable material for his

LOREN BARITZ, author of The Servants of Power, *teaches history at Roosevelt University, Chicago. His specialty is American intellectual history.*

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script. The rise and fall of nations and heroes may prod or inspire their storytellers to greater art. It must be difficult to make Troy or the Rubicon or Canossa fail dramatically. But was Shakespeare needed for Richard II? High art is needed first to see and then communicate the drama and tension of almost any scene of our long story. Think of the swirl of things, for instance, around so unlikely a subject as James Buchanan, or any one of the other Presidents. But if Richard II needed Shakespeare, who or what does Warren G. Harding require? Homer might serve, but even mortals can see the drama of a small, dull and weak man crushed by a burden he was never meant to shoulder. John Adams was simply wrong when he said that "it is the misfortunes of kings [and lovers] only, which afford the proper subjects for tragedy." No moment of the past lacks the stuff of theatre, but the historian's command of his art is necessary for that stuff to come to life.

SO SEEMINGLY dull a thing as organization is of the very essence of the right telling of the past or future play. It is therefore the heart of the historian's art. The conception of a beginning, a middle and an end to the story he tells is perhaps the most revealing decision he must make. He may begin, after all, where he chooses, and that choice is always a result of his own vision, of his understanding of his craft. Where, for example, does American history begin? With the decision of religious rebels to change their enemy from civilization to a wilderness? Or the Reformation that made them religious rebels? Or the intricate sweep of things that produced the Reformation? Or the start of Christianity? Or the westward movement from Troy? Or the Garden of Eden? A possible regression back into the haze of Creation always confronts the historian, even the historian of, say, the last Presidential election.

One must raise the curtain on a first scene that is not dictated by the main story line, but is dictated by the historian's art. And the curtain rings down, not when the story is ended — for it never is — but when the historian is finished with the story, when that fragment of the continuous past which the historian understands to be a unit is over. He must lift a segment from the continuing flux of the past, but the segment becomes such only when the historian, out of his sense of organization and proportion, lifts it out.

Unity of action, as Coleridge said, is the great end of all the fine arts. The unity of past action that is seen or sensed or understood by the historian is both the starting point and the goal of his art. Armed with his vision and knowledge, he perceives a unity in some moment of time, and with the evidence of his research he tries to show the existence of that unity. The selection of a segment of the past is itself an interpretation of the past, and the selection

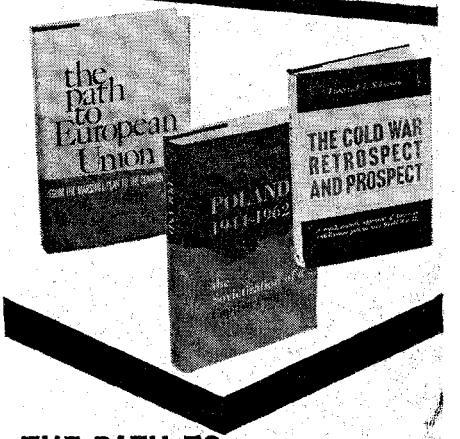
On Silverthorn Hill

The twin-yoked horses turn and stand on the brow
Of Silverthorn Hill, while Piers adjusts the plough
For the next furrow. Down in the valley tractors churr,
As, drooping heads together, the pair confer.
"This loved and lovely habit that long has bound
Us three together in need of corn from the ground
Will soon, alas, have ended," Dewlock sighs.
The depth of loyalty lights her smoke-blue eyes.
"And yet," adds Brindle, with reflective toss
And jingle of brass medallions, "Gain and loss
Are balanced, for this mechanical turn of things
At least must end Caesarian trumpetings
Over our agonies. For us no more
The dragging of monumental loads to war
Through rains, through missiles, arrow-darkened hells
Of Crecy and Towton, those cannon-mown pell-mells
Of Waterloo; no more those terror-dumb
Drownings in swamps from Trasimene to Somme. . . ."

Down in the valley the rolling tractor-tanks
Throw out the loam in red and level ranks;
Piers hooks the glittering chains, the horses grip,
And out of sight the visionary trio dip.

Geoffrey Johnson

THE COMMON MARKET
THE COLD WAR
POLAND



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of a segment is a result of an anterior decision concerning the unity of action of that segment, or the assignment of a hierarchy of significance to the manifold actions of the segment. This hierarchy of significance or relevance is also nothing more — or less — than the imposition by the historian of unity on the drama of confused, conflicting, perhaps infinitely various, meanings and moods of human life. The historian's conception of dramatic unity therefore determines what part of the past is in fact a part, at what points the curtain goes up and down, what aspects of the past are relevant, what evidence is admissible, and what men are heroes, clowns or scapegoats. His sense of unity establishes the outer limits of the plot and marks out the lines of action; it tells him what his story must accomplish, and when it is done.

Napoleon, even as Oedipus, becomes a savior or a madman, or a mad savior, depending on the ingredients in the historian's drama or the dramatist's history. And some truth may be told in any version of the story:

> Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
> To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light.

The dramatist tells some truth about man through a presentation of the actions of particular men. As the historian is always concerned with the particular, so the playwright must graft particular flesh and bone to his idea. Hamlet is, after all, one particular and identifiable creature, and though universality resonates in his particular utterances, yet what he says comes from his own mouth with his own rhythm of talk. The particular war with which Thucydides was concerned was unique, as are all specific men and events, but his history of that one war, as he understood it, reverberated outward too: "I have written my work, not as an essay which is to win the applause of the moment, but as a possession for all time." Even though Thucydides said that there was an "absence of romance" in his history, the architecture and mood of his work follow, almost exactly, the classical prescriptions for writing tragedy for the theatre.

One may invest more heavily in particularism, as is currently the tendency, and take a position opposite to Thucydides: that each event of the past is so rich in its own meaning, is unique in the exact configuration of men and forces which gave it birth, that the past cannot be used as either a guide to or analogy of the future or anything else. Each specific and concrete event in its full particularity must be understood by and for itself. But there is obviously a universal axiom underlying this approach which is thought to be necessary to understand the behavior of men, and even those historians most dedicated to particularity do, in their own way, seek to elucidate part of the universal meaning of existence. Any historian, as any playwright, must finally face the necessary fact that, regardless of his point of view, he must confront man by confronting men. (This will surely annoy and offend some modern empirical historians, I think, but there is nothing in either logic or evidence that will help them to make their own particularism, which they insist is universally applicable, anything less than universally applicable.)

To heighten the parallel between the historian and the dramatist, consider Thucydides' description of part of his own method: when he did not have either personal recollection or some record of the speeches of his protagonists, "my habit has been," he wrote, "to make the speakers say what was in my opinion demanded of them by the various occasions, of course adhering as closely as possible to the general sense of what they really said." No modern historian would adopt that technique, but modern practice may not be as different as it might seem. With his conceptual apparatus, the historian believes that he understands the significant lines of the plot which operated within the time segment he has defined. Because he has that conception of what is significant, he is free to decide which speeches of his protagonists are important, and which are not. He may quote a phrase or a sentence from an available record that may weigh several tons. Does not the modern historian, then, quite like Thucydides, "make the speakers say what was . . . demanded of them by the various occasions"? The occasion itself may or may not find its way into the history depending on the historian's conception of the unity of action.

Suppose you had the desire to write a history of the United States for, say, yesterday. Your own conception of significance would help you make your way through the overwhelming record of that one day. Your own understanding of the forces of change in the world would suggest likely places to investigate. When the time came to write a narrative, when you began to explain

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how we got from morning to night of that one day, it would become immediately apparent, I think, that the possibilities of the record of that day are so enormous that you necessarily become freer and freer as the record becomes increasingly full. You must show "the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," and how you will do that depends on your own imagination, knowledge and sense of the drama of life. Thus the very magnitude, as well as the absence, of the record of that play that is now finished, compels the historian to construct the successive steps of his drama in a close approximation of the art of the dramatist.

With the historian's histrionic sensitivity, and from the partial script that has come to his hand, he must build the play within the play, the unit of the whole with which he is concerned. All the world *is* a stage, and the historian of the action that took place on those boards is always in search of the script that was never written.

The Historian as Psychiatrist

Theodore Roszak

WHEN IN 1957 William Langer, in his presidential address to the American Historical Association, urged historians to add the insights of psychoanalysis to their professional tool kit, he had in mind two tasks at which the historians and psychiatrists might collaborate. First, there was the study of biography, especially the biographies of such unstable characters as Hitler, de Sade, Napoleon—the sort of study that Erik Erikson has recently done in *Young Man Luther* (Norton). Second, there was the analysis of clearly irrational movements and events (the witch hunts of the seventeenth century, the Great Fear of the French Revolution, etc.) and of obviously pathological periods such as the Germany of the 1930s. Along these lines, Langer called special attention to the psychological impact of major plagues. *The Waning of the Middle Ages* (Meridian), Johan Huizinga's perceptive investigation of the necrophiliac culture of the Black Plague period, would be a good example of this kind of study.

What was most interesting about Langer's appeal was the use to which he did not suggest psychoanalysis be put: that is, the study of the psychic foundations of civilization, and of the historical process as a whole. The omission is remarkable because this is exactly the historical problem that most fascinated Freud (and Jung and Ferenczi and Rank and Reik and Roheim). Far from believing that psychoanalysis was relevant only to mankind's outbursts of obvious individual and collective madness, Freud was convinced that the new science also had much to say about our conditions of normalcy. Or to put it another way, he became progressively more aware that "normalcy" may actually be the socially acceptable form of psychic sickness. Man, Freud concluded, is the neurotic animal; the disease is of his nature.

If what Freud had to say about man is correct, then psychoanalysis has much more to do with the study of history than simply shedding new light upon Luther's *Turmerlebnis* or the population decline of the fifteenth century. For what historians may really be studying, not occasionally but at all times, is diseased matter. Human history becomes a *case* history of the greatest of all neuroses: that of civilized man.

THE CONCEPT of sublimation is the tie that binds history with psychopathology. This is the mysterious process, at once fascinating and disenchanting, that makes a lady out of the uncouth instincts that shape our growth. From it we derive an exciting sense of the wholeness of human nature, but at the same time the bitter knowledge that our highest cultural achievements are of a piece with the dark and wicked deeds of history, the Parthenon of a piece with the Melian dialogue and the mines of Laurion, Bayreuth of a piece with Auschwitz; the one cannot be understood without the other. So in his excellent little history, *The Devils of Loudon* (Harper), Aldous Huxley found the underside of seventeenth-century power politics in the sadism and superstition of witch hunts.

Not that this wipes out the ethical distinction between one use of our nature and the other. But it does reveal what the function of morality is (to channel motivations rather than create them) and the limitations of its influence. Don't we all dimly realize that it isn't simply a series of "bad breaks" that has descended upon us in the years since 1914, driving the proud self-confidence of the Enlightenment from our society? Nasty things like world wars and concentration camps and Hiroshimas

THEODORE ROSZAK teaches history at Stanford University.

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don't just happen. Human beings, the same decent human beings who build cathedrals and draft constitutions and subscribe to symphony orchestras, make them happen, and for reasons that sound farfetched. That is to say, for reasons that challenge our conventional perception of things. And what is farfetched is easily dismissed.

It is my experience that extremely few academics (the more broad-minded psychologists excepted) and almost no historians believe psychoanalysis has any validity whatsoever. This is not to say that they have given any systematic criticism to psychoanalysis. Indeed, to do that would require coming to grips with the challenge and perhaps losing more than a few of one's face-saving preconceptions to it. Far easier to lavish high praise upon Freud for his intellectual pioneering (everybody's doing it these days), to act and talk as if his contribution were now safely salted away in our cultural storage bin—and then to go about rejecting as "farfetched" every single concept in Freud that can't be filtered through sophisticated prudishness and common sense. Or better still, to make vague allusions to the many ways in which we have "gotten beyond" the old man and his extreme and exaggerated ideas. What remains of Freud after this kind of reading is the feeble realization that dreams have some kind of psychological meaning and that sex is—well, important, too, but it isn't everything. (For which read: it's almost nothing.) Which places us back in the pre-Freudian nineteenth century without even an adequate appreciation of Blake or Nietzsche. C. P. Snow is typical of the pre-Freudian intellectual whose good, solid, constructivist common sense is enjoying a renaissance in our day. Snow's hyper-conscious scientists with their personalities pasted tightly to the backs of their foreheads inhabit a world where Dostoevsky (let alone Krafft-Ebing) is a dirty word.

FORTUNATELY for the study of history a few writers have turned up who have dug beneath the polished surface of man's past politics. Lewis Mumford, whose psychology borrows heavily from Jung as well as Freud, has always had an ear for the subtle psychic rhythms that underlie our culture. No one knows better than he what a dump of morbid fascinations and explosive anxieties our modern cities have become, and why. His *The City in History* (Harcourt, Brace) is an excellent example of how gracefully psychological motifs can be woven through the style and substance of a historian's thought. Gerald Sykes in *The Hidden Remnant* (Harper) and Herbert Marcuse, in an earlier and much better book, *Eros and Civilization* (Vintage), have also dared to rake the Freudian muck of history.

But the boldest recent study of the "psychoanalytic meaning of history" is Norman Brown's *Life Against Death* (Wesleyan University Press). There is a certain amount of mischievousness about Brown's book. It takes the form of a higher anti-intellectualism which can all too easily be misconstrued. Brown's critics—like Herbert Marcuse's—often overlook the fact that both men seek not to destroy consciousness but to heighten it. Brown's goal is the "Dionysian Ego"; Marcuse's a "libidinal rationality." The difference between this and the marijuana mania of our hipsters is all the difference between the cure of a disease and its symptom.

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Homecoming

They barely wonder where you've been:
There, seated in the well-kept parlor
Expecting, with no need to ask, you in.
They know you well: no caller,

But one of them, your now being back
Their only interest. Alien land,
Long years of siege, or long-blown homeless tack
They would not understand;

And as you try to tell them, eyes
Answer in twinkles with their bland
Slow patience, till you render old replies
Old questions still demand.

Say, then, that they are right; for right
Where they were always, you've returned
(To the circle of their held, accepting sight)
Through straits they never learned.

John N. Miller

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for breadth and consistency, Brown has dug away at the foundations of civilized life, and what he has found buried there are the bones of an old crime: the murder of the human body. What is history? It is the piece-by-piece assassination of the infant's polymorphously perverse body. So far has this unrelenting repression of physical joy gone that now only an overworked genitality is left to us, fighting on like an embattled *aborigine* driven to the last promontory of the desexualized flesh.

Why have we done this to ourselves? Why have we turned our bodies into walking corpses? Because the body decays and dies. The body is vulnerable to suffering and undeniably mortal. If we were our bodies and nothing more—and Freud of all the psychiatrists is the most insistent that we are — then we too would die. But man is the animal who cannot assimilate death; rather he must eject the organic need to die which is in him. Montaigne could ask, "Let death take me while I am planting my cabbages, indifferent to him and still more indifferent to my unfinished garden." It is not so with many of us. We deny death, or defy it; we may even worship it and rush toward it. But we cannot like Montaigne learn to live with it as a normal stage of our growth toward which we ripen. Franz Borkenau, investigating man's tortured contemplation of his own extinction, has even tried to work out the patterns and periodicity according to which "changes in the popular attitude toward death mark great epochs of historical evolution." (See his "Concept of Death" in *Twentieth Century*, April, 1955.)

In our dread of death, we desire not to be our bodies, but something other, something that only rides the body and can dispense with it. This is the origin of what the physicist-philosopher Lancelot Whyte (in his *Next Development of Man*, Holt) calls the "western disassociation," a division of mind and body which our scientific-industrial society has pushed almost to the limit of endurance. Disassociation, or repression, is our way of asserting our independence of the body. And history is the course of repression. It is man's attempt to flee his mortality by investing his sensuous vitality in an enduring personal project that "outlives" him; or more commonly by sinking his transient identity into that immortal (and fictitious) body, the body politic. That essentially is what the building of cities, the raising of pyramids, the conquest of empires is about. At one and the same time, the strenuous and ascetic task of making history is a means of punishing the body (thus "mastering" it) and of organizing an enduring substitute for it.

As Norman Brown puts it:

> It comes to the same thing to say that the consequences of the disruption of the unity of Life and Death in man is to make man the historical animal. For the restless pleasure-principle . . . is what makes man Faustian, and Faustian man is history-making man.

A. J. P. Taylor, the English historian,

Doom Walks

(Saarlautern 1944)

Whose watchword preserved me, I wonder,
the day I survived
the crash of my name?
What hindsight recalled me so quickly
from deadly December
to scholarly May
Through welters of meemies as I
was about to be caught
half split on a second?
Hearing them whistle me past,
I dared them doubly
to cancel my breath.
Was I born in a foxhole, a null,
to be nudged in the void,
sent packing to death?
Tell me, what was I then,
so hung on a nail,
so bushed in nothing
At all? Till I was recalled,
I was bombed to a silence
between footfalls.

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expresses the same idea more bluntly:

> All men are mad who devote themselves to the pursuit of power when they could be fishing, painting pictures, or simply sitting in the sun. If men were sane, there would be no history. (*From Napoleon to Stalin*, p. 163.)

What a lovely reply this is to our compulsive leaders as they loudly summon us to endless international competition and epoch-making violence! Happy men—or rather men who know what happiness really is—make no history. Freud was exactly right: "happiness has no cultural value." Men who have accepted the body, not as the "dying animal" *we* are "tied to," (so Yeats called it) but rather as the dying animal we *are*, find better things to do with their lives than waste them bossing nature and their fellows around. Their time, if it ever comes, will be a posthistoric age.

The phrase "posthistoric age" is that of Roderick Seidenberg. But Seidenberg in *Posthistoric Man* (University of North Carolina Press) presents a vision of the end of history radically different from Brown's. He foresees a day when human life will have become "crystallized," that is, totally structured by the rigid demands of a perfected and ubiquitous machine technology. In this technocratic nightmare, man will have lost his freedom along with his anxiety, his personal consciousness along with his insecurity. The "icy fixity of his final state" will at last have brought him happiness, and with happiness the end of the historical process. For Seidenberg, the state of crystallization that overtakes human affairs is a biological expression of the law of entropy. I am not convinced that this application of thermodynamics is valid. Psychoanalysis is really much more relevant to his silent apocalypse, for what he is describing is a condition of unimaginable, indeed of total, repression, the exact opposite of Norman Brown's conception of total enjoyment. In Seidenberg's posthistoric age, all that is organic in man has been bolted down and cased in. The organism has become a mechanism, and has found in the imitation of the machine the *ataraxia* of lifelessness.

AT THE close of Lewis Mumford's *The City in History*, there are two illustrations suggesting the future possibilities of mankind. One of these, drawn up by a school of Japanese technicians called the "Study Group for Life Apparatus," depicts a community which is a "supermechanism" for "a multi-directional mutual control ensuring that human life everywhere . . . be full of warm solidarity and harmony." (There are of course no people in the picture.) The other plate is a Chinese painting of the Festival of Spring, a beautifully disorganized garden scene where men, mountains and woods mingle with one another lovingly. Mumford presents these pictures as our choice between "the perfect hive" and the "living city," a choice no doubt far more significant than that which the cold warriors of our time offer us between "free" markets and five-year plans. I recommend these plates to those who wonder what an ahistorical society might look like; Seidenberg's "period of unchanging continuity" on the one hand, and Brown's world of "unrepressed bodies" on the other.

Speculative as all this may sound, I believe the work of these thinkers has an urgent relevance to the academic study of history and through it to contemporary affairs. For if the past poli-

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tics of men is as shot through with pathological ambitions as they suggest, then we dare not let the politics of the present become a simple extension of twisted and self-destructive traditions, no matter how well-rationalized those traditions may be. One may quibble about the meaning of the word "sanity," especially when it is being used, as I am using it here, in an evaluative way. But I cannot see any other way of describing behavior, deliberately undertaken, which seriously endangers the survival of the entire human species than to call it insane. If I were a religious person, I might of course find another characterization of such behavior; I might call it the work of the devil.

But the question arises: is there any realistic chance of freeing ourselves from the diseased forces of civilization? For Freud, inveterate pessimist that he was, repression with all its unhappy consequences, was a given and inescapable fact of life. But Herbert Marcuse has raised the hope that civilization may yet redeem the backlog of postponed pleasures it has built up during the long generations of primitive accumulation. We have at our command a technology capable of making the lives of men clean, healthy and comfortable for the first time in history. In our time, the business of politics need no longer be that of deciding who must suffer physical privation, or "surplus repression" as Marcuse calls it. *Nobody need starve any more*: five words which represent a revolutionary change in the nature of human relations.

In an extension of Marcuse's argument, Hallock Hoffman of The Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, California, has speculated what the effect of such plenty and leisure might be upon the tasks of parenthood. Suppose mothers and fathers had all the time and affluence they needed to makes babies happy, to bring them through those infinitely demanding first three years without harsh and premature discipline? Might this not allow us to break with the heritage of neurosis which in the past each love-lacking and harried generation has passed on to the next?

THESE are exciting prospects, and their hopefulness should not be diminished even by Seidenberg's legitimate fears that technological progress may only produce more ponderous forms of repression. What is far more disconcerting is the very obviousness of the possibilities that Marcuse and Hoffman raise. If they are so obvious, why do so many people, especially so many seemingly intelligent political leaders, fail to see them? There is surely a point beyond which the stupidity of men takes on pathological overtones.

Happiness would seem to have become an objective possibility for the

Flight

Outside the portholes life — or not life —
Streams in the air foils
Battering the wing tips, the houses
Small as in the skulls of birds, the frivolous ground

Of homes from which the force of motors
And the great riveted surfaces
Of the wings hold us, seated side by side
In flight, in the belly of force

Under the ceiling lights — The shabby bird
Of war, fear
And remoteness haunt it. We had made out
A highway, a city hall,

A park, but now the pastless ranches
Of the suburbs
Drift with the New World hills
And the high regions

Which taken unaware
Resist, and the wings
Bend

In the open. Risk
And chance and event, a pale
Ancestry beyond the portholes
Outside with the wings and the rivets

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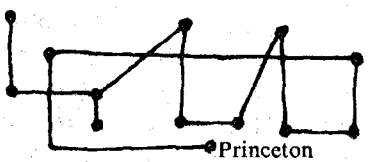
human race. And yet the angry elites of the world and those who support them want us to turn our back upon it. In their hands, real and urgent options become hopeless Utopias. Instead of setting about the business of giving all men the physical well-being and sense of independence it is well within our power to give them, they exhort us at the least opportunity to fight and intrigue against our fellows, stifle their aspirations and kill them by the millions, with time off only to waste our resources by shooting expensive rockets to the moon. Instead of seeking to give our minds and bodies peace, they bid us grimly to steel ourselves to another fifty years, or another hundred years, of cold-war tensions. The struggle must go on. But why? Nobody knows. The answers offered dissolve into anachronistic rhetoric.

This is madness. It is madness even when it is underwritten by history professors from Harvard or members of the Soviet Academy. It becomes no less mad when "we" claim only to be responding in kind to what "they" do. It remains the activity of ascetic and essentially suicidal men who cooperate marvelously in confirming their psychotic conception of reality.

IN AN earlier quotation A. J. P. Taylor cited the senseless business for what it is: insanity. But significantly he went on to dismiss his own observation as being of "no moment." Why? Because, he said, lunatics have "rules of their own" and "the task of the historian is to discover these rules." In other words, the function of the historian is to take the politicians at their own valuation and to make their activity as sensible and seemingly normal as possible. Nothing is more painful in this respect than a book like Taylor's own *Struggle for Mastery in Europe* (Oxford), a masterpiece of its kind. Here we have the lunatics at work, the power elites of the world trampling on the simple decencies of life, dealing out death to millions, creating the deadly tensions that rob life of its joy, all in the name of empty abstractions like "national greatness." And yet, as one becomes absorbed in the details of the game, it begins to sound plausible. Not a hint of sarcasm or sane invective from the historian disturbs the illusion of normalcy. Yes, we begin to say, this is the way the world is. How else could it be?

Historians, Erik Erikson has said, "all too nobly immerse themselves into the very disguises, rationalizations and idealizations of the historical process from which it should be their business to separate themselves." The word "nobly" could easily be dropped: there are historians who dote on the vicarious power they derive from dealing so thickly in the affairs of the mighty.

What then has the study of history to gain from a greater psychoanalytical understanding of man? It has above all to gain a different tone. And that is the greatest difference of all. For wisdom does not consist so much in what we know, as in *how* we know it; not so much in what we say, as in *how* we say it. A grasp of how deeply diseased man's historical development has been would withdraw from his political behavior the respectability he requires to take himself seriously. It would give rise to a new objectivity. Not the objectivity of one who hides his sanity and ethical concern in order to "understand" wretched and wrong-headed men of power, but rather the objectivity of the psychiatrist investigating the history of a sick soul, breaking down its defenses, gauging its behavior at every step by the standards of good health and happiness.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The Historian as Diplomat

Christopher Lasch

IN THE early 1950s, anyone seeking to understand American diplomacy, to understand his own mounting uneasiness about the course of events since the Second World War, turned with relief and gratitude to the writings of the new "realists." He turned, that is, to the writings of George F. Kennan; only later did he begin to understand that there were others like Kennan, that he was the founder of a school. Later still came the realization that others had anticipated Kennan in some of his criticisms of American foreign policy, and that his underlying premises themselves were not perhaps so new as they had appeared at the time. But the question of Kennan's intellectual antecedents was beside the point. What mattered was that at a time when the serious discussion of foreign affairs had almost ceased, when isolationism was dead and internationalism tainted on the one hand by the Wallace crusade and on the other by the excesses of those who were already talking about "winning" the cold war, Kennan revived the discussion and invested it with a new interest.

Kennan demonstrated that it was possible to criticize people like Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt without falling into the heresy of isolationism. For a generation of disturbed and somewhat disillusioned liberals, that was a revelation of inestimable importance. By the 1950s, a good many liberals had begun to suspect that something had gone wrong with American foreign policy. They had begun to suspect, moreover, that whatever it was that had gone wrong could no longer be blamed on Henry Cabot Lodge or Senator Borah or Senator Nye or Charles Lindbergh or any of the other traditional villains of American liberalism. That there was something wrong with liberalism itself, however, was a proposition which it seemed impossible to entertain without at the same time putting oneself in the camp of the enemies of liberalism. The bafflement of the conscientious liberal, under these circumstances, was extreme;

CHRISTOPHER LASCH, a member of the History Department, the University of Iowa, is the author of The American Liberals and the Russian Revolution (*Columbia University Press*).

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In Ohio

White mares lashed to the sulky carriages
Trot softly
Around the dismantled fairgrounds
Near Buckeye Lake.

The sandstone blocks of a well-spring
Cool dark green moss.

The sun floats down, a small golden lemon dissolves
In the water.
I dream, as I lean over the edge, of a crawdad's mouth.

The cellars of haunted houses are like ancient cities,
Fallen behind a big heap of apples.

A widow on a front porch puckers her lips
And whispers.

James Wright

it threatened to immobilize him completely.

American Diplomacy, Kennan's first and still his most valuable book, pointed a way out of the difficulty. From the perspective he established in these lectures, the whole dispute between isolationists and internationalists faded into the background. What was historically wrong with American foreign policy was its rigidity, its misguided idealism, its rather simple-minded belief in the efficacy of legal and moral principles—habits of mind that were characteristic of isolationists and internationalists alike.

THE "legalistic-moralistic" tradition, as Kennan called it, ran "like a red skein" through American foreign policy. The belief in the universal applicability of our own standards of international justice and in the desirability of getting other nations to subscribe to them had blinded us again and again to the realities of world politics. Our naive notion of "aggression" as an outright abridgment of the right of self-determination had blinded us to subtler forms of aggression. It blinded us, also, to the difficulties of punishing aggression by collective action—the law-abiding nations against the outlaws. Worst of all, it confused pragmatic questions with ethical questions, questions of right with questions of power. "Whoever says there is a law must of course be indignant against the lawbreaker and feel a moral superiority to him. And when such indignation spills over into military contest, it knows no bounds short of the reduction of the lawbreaker to the point of complete submissiveness—namely, unconditional surrender." Thus the legalistic approach to world affairs, beginning with a desire to do away with violence, ended by making violence "more enduring, more terrible, and more destructive to political stability than did the older motives of national interest."

For Kennan, the alternative to legalism and moralism lay in a return to "the forgotten art of diplomacy." That meant a revival of balance-of-power politics and what seemed to Kennan the "modest" recognition that "our own national interest is all that we are really capable of knowing and understanding." Provided that our purposes were pure, "unsullied by arrogance or hostility," he did not see how the pursuit of our national interest could fail "to be conducive to a better world."

The impact of *American Diplomacy* was immediate. Overnight, liberals embraced the concept of the "national interest" and found themselves speaking in the accents of *Realpolitik*. Nobody seemed disturbed by this ideological incongruity. American liberals had always been noted for their pragmatism—a word which on innumerable occasions in the past had served to excuse the taking of opposed positions at the same time. The liberals' adoption of the tenets of the new realism was pragmatic in this sense.

KENNAN'S own ideological affinity was not very clear. The language of realism was undeniably conservative, although American "conservatives" in the 1950s disowned Kennan at once. But many of Kennan's observations—his rejection of total war, for instance—seemed radical; at least they put him in the company of radicals. Much of what he said about the First World War echoed the complaints of radicals at the time. He would certainly have agreed that the war, as one editor of *The Nation** wrote to another in 1922, had been

*Lincoln Colcord to Oswald Garrison Villard, March 20, 1922, Villard MSS, Harvard University Library.

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continued "beyond its natural economic limit" and that the character of the world was thereby decisively altered.

On the other hand, there was Kennan's call for a return to "old-fashioned diplomacy." Traditionally it was conservatives who defended balance-of-power politics and derided the dream of an international order run according to legal principles. It was conservatives who were skeptical about causes and crusades, distrustful of "enthusiasm" in any form. Kennan shared this distrust. Not only that, he expressed certain reservations about democracy itself, reminiscent of Tocqueville. "People are not always more reasonable than governments. . . . Public opinion . . . is not invariably a moderating force in the jungle of politics." Just the reverse, in fact; in the case of the First World War, public opinion had exerted a decidedly bad effect. It was the mutual hatreds of peoples, inflamed by ideology, that had made it so difficult for governments to make peace. Walter Lippmann, another spokesman for a realistic view of foreign policy, went even further along these lines. It was when the existing governments had to turn to the people for help in carrying on the war, Lippmann wrote in *The Public Philosophy*, that they lost the last opportunity to make peace and to save what was left of the old order. The consequences of this surrender to public opinion had been "disastrous."*

All this was clear enough; yet one still puzzled over the general bent of the new realism. Did it imply a radical critique of present as well as past policy? And if it did, how useful would it prove to be as an instrument of such criticism, when it reflected a point of view which seemed in so many respects to blend in with the prevailing conservatism?

The passage of time did not immediately clear up the mystery. In politics, Kennan seemed to be moving steadily toward the position advocated by the Left—by the Labour Party in Britain, by Socialists and radicals in America. He abandoned containment, which he had helped to formulate, and advocated what people began to call disengagement. After his Reith Lectures in 1957, Dean Acheson attacked him as an isolationist. That in itself would have endeared him to the Left.

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*For other works in the same vein see, for example, Louis J. Halle, *Dream and Reality*, and Robert E. Osgood, *Ideals and Self-Interest in America's Foreign Relations*. Their titles suggest the point of view from which these books are written.

Yet the two volumes of his *Soviet-American Relations*, which he published in the late fifties, pleaded more openly than ever for a revival of the techniques of traditional diplomacy. The second volume was dedicated, in fact, to the memory of DeWitt Clinton Poole and Maddin Summers (consuls at Moscow during the First World War), "of whose faithful and distinguished efforts in Russia on their country's behalf this volume gives only an incomplete account." That Wilson would have fared better if he had relied on the judgment of professional diplomats was the burden of Kennan's narrative. The professionals understood power; the amateurs could not see beyond their own principles. Unfortunately it was the amateurs in whom Wilson, himself an amateur, in the last analysis rested his confidence: the senile Ambassador Francis, a political appointee of the most incompetent sort; the addle-headed Edgar Sisson, a Hearst reporter in search of sensational copy; above all the brilliant, impetuous and utterly unreliable Raymond Robins, with his unjustified optimism about Russia and his unwarranted confidence in the eternal verity of his liberal clichés. *American Diplomacy* condemned moralism and legalism in general terms; *Soviet-American Relations* tried to show, by a detailed examination of the day-by-day evolution of policy, that moralism and legalism were inevitable attributes of policy when policy was made by people not trained for the job.

THESE VOLUMES brought to the surface in Kennan's thought what had not at first been apparent, the professional diplomat's pride of profession. The shift in focus, from the broad perspective of the earlier book to the narrower one of the latter, may have encouraged this tendency, for it led the scholar to immerse himself in the techniques by which diplomatic decisions were arrived at, as opposed to the content of the decisions themselves. An article published in the *American Scholar* (Winter 1960-61), which presumably foreshadowed the third volume of *Soviet-American Relations*, work on which was interrupted by Kennan's return to the foreign service in 1961, carried the tendency further still. In "Russia and the Versailles Conference," Kennan abandoned content almost entirely in favor of an examination of technique: "this question of 'how' as distinct from the 'what' of diplomacy is . . . of tremendous importance." Still aware (as most scholars have yet to become aware) that the outcome of the peace conference was largely predetermined by the Allies' crushing defeat of Germany—that is, by the decision made

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in 1917 to prosecute the war to "victory"—and that the peace conference itself, therefore, was an episode of secondary importance, Kennan nevertheless made the history of the conference the text for what had become a favorite sermon: the futility of coalition diplomacy and of Summit conferences in particular. He tried to show that Wilson's failure to come to grips with the Russian problem could be attributed in part to the simple fact that there were too many other demands on his time, too many other problems waiting to be solved. Not even the best of statesmanship, that is, could have succeeded in the atmosphere of Versailles, or of any other meetings of heads of state.

KENNAN'S opposition to summitry was a thing of long standing. But the extent to which he had become preoccupied with the subject—to the exclusion, it seemed at times, of everything else—had only recently become clear. It was with the U-2 crisis of May, 1960, that one finally began to understand the general direction of Kennan's thinking and of the new realism in general. And what the occasion revealed about the new realism was enough to call into serious question its ability to offer a perspective from which to criticize American policy, past or present.

The U-2 affair abounded in revelations. It not only demonstrated once and for all the incompetence of the Eisenhower administration; it also provided a touchstone by which to gauge the motives of the administration's critics. For while the critics agreed that the administration had blundered, they by no means agreed just wherein its worst blunder lay—whether in admitting to espionage or in engaging in it in the first place. Those who objected merely to our having allowed ourselves to be caught, and to our having compounded the damage by admitting what we had been doing, revealed themselves—for the first time in some cases—as committed, at heart, to the policies of the cold war. It was deeply significant, for instance, that this was the line taken by Walter Lippmann. "My criticism is that we have made these overflights an avowed policy." The avowal, not the flights themselves, was the administration's mistake. "As long as the world is as warlike as it has been in all recorded history, there is no way of doing without spying."* Such realism as this was enough, for some of us, to call into question the whole realist critique of American diplomacy.

For to some of us the point of the U-2 affair was a good deal simpler, and it concerned not the methods of American diplomacy but its objectives. That "overflights" (which, it should be noted, were quite different from conventional espionage) had been taking place for years, and that they should have continued to take place up to the very eve of the Paris conference, when the prospects of a Berlin settlement looked better than they had looked since the end of the war, seemed to mean only one thing: that the Government of the United States preferred a showdown to a settlement, that it was essentially indifferent to the possibility of negotiations with the Soviet Union, that it had embraced the cold war as a way of life. The possibility that Khrushchev himself may have wanted a way out of the conference, at the last minute — a possibility resting on no very impressive evidence, but which enjoyed great popularity as an explanation for the collapse of the conference — was really irrelevant. What mattered was our own indifference. If the other side was indifferent too, so much the worse; but their indifference, even assuming it to have been a fact, hardly excused our own.

AT A TIME when even Adlai Stevenson was urging people to get behind the President, it was perhaps unreasonable to expect anything better from Mr. Kennan. All the same, Kennan's behavior was disappointing. He drew from these events, so endlessly suggestive in their ramifications, only the familiar lesson about the futility of Summit diplomacy. "We should look very, very carefully before we submit the prestige of the President of the United States again to what has just happened in Paris." Called upon by a Congressional committee to suggest what might be done to improve American diplomacy, he confined himself to a list of strictly procedural reforms: creation of an office of Secretary for Foreign Affairs who would represent the country at conferences, revival of the policy-planning staff, and so forth.* Nothing could have seemed more irrelevant, at such a time, than this dry recital. Perhaps the newspapers misrepresented what Kennan said (his testimony was in secret session); yet what he was reported to have said seemed consistent with the drift of his thinking. He may have made other criticisms as well; but if he did he never saw fit to publish them. Perhaps the whole business had rendered him speechless — a perfectly understandable reaction. But speechlessness was not much help to a country which needed the kind

*The Washington Post, May 12, 1960.

*The Washington Post, May 27, 1960.

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of thoroughgoing criticism toward which Kennan had made a beginning in his Reith Lectures. Kennan had nothing to add to what he had already said. The crisis made it clear for the first time that what he had already said was not enough.

WHAT accounted for the failure of the new realism, at this most critical moment, to offer anything but platitudes—or worse, Lippmann's dissertations on the inevitability of espionage? In the re-examination of the realistic canon, to which these reflections led, a number of weaknesses in the argument now came to light. There was, for one thing, the overemphasis on technique, which merely touched the surface of the subject. For another thing there was the assumption that professional diplomats were free from the ideological illusions which afflicted amateurs. One trained as a historian willingly followed Kennan back to the First World War in search of a guide to the present — with the help of Mr. Kennan himself, whose generosity to young scholars had already become proverbial. But what one found when one got there did not bear out the master's faith in professional diplomacy. The diplomats, it turned out, had been as blind as everyone else to the dangers of prolonging the war. Like everyone else, they had allowed the delusions of victory to interfere with their understanding of the Russian Revolution — by which Kennan rightly set such store. If anything could have saved Russia in 1917, it was peace; Kennan himself made the point again and again. Yet when the Provisional Government appealed to the Allies, not for peace (which it did not have the temerity to mention by name), but for a reconsideration of war aims which might serve as the first step toward peace, the diplomatic corps was unanimous in advising the unconditional rejection of the appeal. Kennan's own distinguished ancestor, George Kennan — not a professional diplomat, to be sure, but nevertheless a conservative who talked the language of power politics, hence presumably a realist — even this first George Kennan had bluntly advised the Secretary of State to "give no encouragement whatever . . . to the coalition ministry if it stands for 'peace without annexations or indemnities.'"* For such men, peace, in the summer of 1917, was a German plot. This was the view which prevailed in the State Department and, as far as one could see, throughout the foreign service.

*Kennan to Robert Lansing, May 23, 1917, George Kennan MSS, Library of Congress.

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Finally, the history of World War I did not seem to sustain the distinction between "ideals" and "self-interest." The whole realist thesis rested on the distinction; historians had tried to trace the conflict through all of recent American diplomacy. Read in the light of what one had come to know about the First World War, the case seemed to fall to the ground; the distinction seemed arbitrary and unreal. If the history of the war taught any lessons at all, it was that American policy had failed, not because Americans had made moral judgments, but because the moral judgments they made were so shallow. The trouble with Woodrow Wilson was that his ideals were so superficial, so crude, so circumscribed by his complacent assumption that his kind of democracy—the democracy of Walter Bagehot — represented the pinnacle of political virtue. The trouble with Wilson was not that he went off crusading for high ideals and ignored American self-interest. The trouble was that, like most statesmen, he found it so easy unconsciously to translate the self-interest of his own community into the language of high idealism. The most striking fact about the twentieth-century dream of world peace and order, of which Wilson was to become the prophet, was not that it was Utopian but that it was a one-sided Utopia, a world made safe not for democracy but for ourselves.

From the point of view of three-fourths of the world, Wilson's famous quarrel with Clemenceau, which appeared so momentous to the new realists (as to all Western scholars), was less important than their shared determination to keep that same three-fourths in its place. From this broader perspective, liberal internationalism was itself a kind of imperialism, almost indistinguishable from the old. And it was the liberal Lloyd George, joining Wilson in refusing to support the counterrevolution in Russia, who assured the French, at the same time, that he did not propose to negotiate with the Bolsheviks. What he proposed, he explained to the Council of Ten — and his words speak volumes about the real nature of the old liberalism — was to give each of the contending factions in Russia a hearing, "to summon these people to Paris to appear before those present, somewhat in the way the Roman Empire summoned chiefs of outlying tributary states to render an account of their actions."* The difference between the old imperial-

*Notes of a meeting of the Council of Ten, Jan. 16, 1919, Ray Stannard Baker MSS, Princeton University Library.

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ism and the new diplomacy was not, after all, so very great. The difference was simply that Wilson and Lloyd George substituted the semblance of international cooperation for the cruder instruments of coercion; bribery and manipulation for naked force. In a world in which the West's power to impose its will by force was already dwindling, Wilson's was bound to be the wave of the future.

Did the Wilsonian policy run counter to American national interests? On the contrary, the national interest demanded it. Farsighted men could argue that his policy, since perpetuated by Roosevelt, by Truman, by Eisenhower, by Kennedy, was suicidal in the long run. But the people who are responsible for defining what the national interest means at a given moment do not think in terms of the long run. What the pursuit of the national interest means, if history is any indication, is the pursuit of a nation's interests in their most immediate, crude and palpable form. Thus the pursuit of the national interest implies the repression of other people's equally crude and palpable national interests. Against the history of the twentieth century, the new realists' vision of a world in which the mutual pursuit of national interests makes for peace and harmony begins to look like a reversion to the nineteenth-century theory of "harmony of interests," which lay at the heart of the very Wilsonian liberalism against which the realists endlessly inveigh. One would have thought that the idea of an international harmony of interests would have been tenable only as long as the oppressed had no voice in world affairs and could not testify to the contrary. The illusion persists, however, because we persist in ignoring the testimony which they now give in such abundance.

One comes back, finally, to that sentence in *American Diplomacy*: "If our own purposes and undertakings here at home are decent ones, unsullied by arrogance or hostility toward other people or delusions of superiority, then the pursuit of our national interest can never fail to be conducive to a better world." The question is, can the national interest be disentangled from the arrogance and hostility and delusions of superiority that seem to have characterized the behavior of nations at all times? Perhaps it could be, if nations came truly to understand their long-range interests. But that possibility may not be the best premise on which to base a philosophy of international relations that aspires to realism.

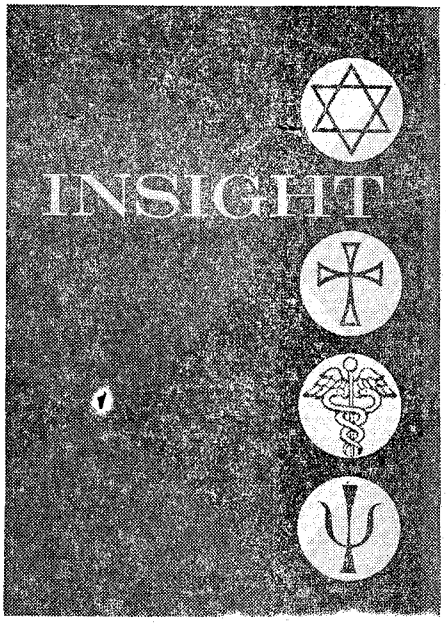
The Historian as Special Pleader

Louis Ruchames

WENDELL PHILLIPS, speaking at Harvard University near the end of a life actively devoted to the welfare of his fellow men, remarked that "most men see facts, not with their eyes, but with their prejudices." Were he given the opportunity to read the opinions of contemporary historians about the movement of which he was so dynamic a part — which not only fought against slavery but, pioneering the struggle against racial segregation and discrimination, provided a model for the Freedom Riders of our day — he would undoubtedly be confirmed in his opinion. For no group of men and women have been so falsely judged and their achievements so unjustly denied as those who constituted the leadership of the abolitionist or anti-slavery movement. It matters not how widely they diverged in political strategy or personal philosophy, whether they were pacifists or advocates of force, eschewers or devotees of political action, disunionists or upholders of the Constitution. To the extent that in their day they openly condemned slavery as the great crime against humanity and slaveholders as its perpetrators, publicly described it in all of its horrible details, identified themselves with the slave in his suffering, and devoted themselves completely to the eradication of the evil — to that extent are they denounced today as irresponsible extremists and wild-eyed fanatics whose unjustifiable denunciations of slavery and slaveholders helped bring about the Civil War and wrought far more evil than good.

THREE men may be taken as examples of such treatment: William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner and John Brown. At the end of the Civil War all three were regarded as heroes of the anti-

LOUIS RUCHAMES is the editor of A John Brown Reader (*Abelard-Schuman*) *and author of* Race, Jobs and Politics: the Story of FEPC (*Columbia Univ. Press*). *Dr. Ruchames will be Visiting Lecturer of History at Smith College, 1962-63.*



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slavery movement. Garrison, the nonresistant and pacifist, the believer in moral suasion as opposed to force or political action, was generally revered as its initiator, tribune and symbol; Sumner, the Senator from Massachusetts and a leader of the Republican Party, was esteemed as its great statesman; and John Brown, who five years earlier had sacrificed his life to the conviction that only through force would slavery be overthrown, was honored as its prophet-martyr. Today historians have reevaluated and reinterpreted their lives and deeds almost beyond recognition.

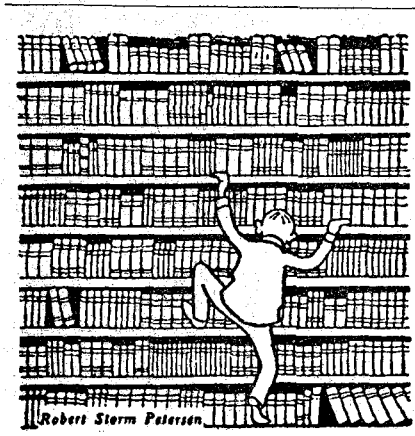
Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager, in their two-volume history, *The Growth of the American Republic* (fourth edition, 1950), although admitting the "sincerity and courtge" of Garrison and his followers, doubt their wisdom and condemn them as having "closed every avenue to emancipation save Civil War. . . . Abolition came in spite of the abolitionists rather than because of them; and in the worst way." (Lincoln thought otherwise when he told Daniel H. Chamberlain in April, 1865: "I have only been an instrument. The logic and moral power of Garrison and the antislavery people of the country and the army, have done all.") Allan Nevins, in *Ordeal of the Union*, describes Garrison as "of arid, colorless, and narrow mind." (A cursory examination of any issue of the *Liberator*, which Garrison edited, suggests the falseness of each of these adjectives.) He then emphasizes Garrison's intolerance, fanaticism and unreasonableness. "To those who argued the danger to both races of loosing large numbers of slaves without preparation, he turned a stony ear," Nevins writes bitterly. (Not only did Garrison not turn a deaf ear to such arguments, but he and his followers time and again utilized eye-witness dispatches and historical studies of the experiences of areas and countries that had freed their slaves, such as Chile, Buenos Aires, Colombia, Mexico, St. Domingo, the British West Indies, as well as New York, to prove that fears of immediate emancipation were groundless.)

Harry J. Carman and Harold C. Syrett, in their widely used survey, *A History of the American People*, accuse Garrison of "ignoring the constitutional and legal guarantees surrounding slavery," in his demand for immediate emancipation. (Garrison wrote the "Declaration of Sentiments" of the American Anti-Slavery Society in December, 1833, which said: "We fully and unanimously recognize the sovereignty of each State, to legislate exclusively on the subject of the slavery which is tolerated within its limits; we concede that Congress, under the present national compact, has no right to interfere with any of the slave States in relation to this momentous subject." Indeed, his espousal of disunionism at a later date was based upon an analysis of the constitutional and legal guarantees surrounding slavery.)

Nor have these same historians dealt any more kindly with Sumner and Brown. Typical is David Donald's view of Sumner as "doctrinaire," "fanatical" and "rabid." No less typical is Samuel Eliot Morison's opinion of him as "vain, over-educated, and irritable," "without any personal knowledge of the Negroes, he believed them no exception to the dogma of equality. . . ." (One wonders what "over-educated" means to one who is an educator and scholar. Note, too, how the derogatory opinion of Sumner is related to the suggestion of Negro inferiority.)

As for John Brown, he is either a "madman" or a "fanatic," with the majority opinion favoring the former. David Donald, for instance, rarely refers to him as anything but "crazy John Brown."

THE important question, of course is: how valid are these opinions and to what extent are they based on adequate research? Some indication has already been given of the failure of historians to read the writings of those whose opinions they present. Equally bad is their misreading of documents when confront-



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Draw to eat. Simple motivation,
But what eats him is the pavement,
Devouring his images of chalk;
That rain-washed, fog-lost, wind-whipped concrete,
On which he draws flowers and faces,
Simple subjects to solicit simple coins,
Penny and ha'-penny thudding in his cap.
Is it art? Stupid question.
The images of chalk fade in the rain.
Art is the pavement that eats you.

James Schevill

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ed with facts which suggest the opposite of what they wish to prove. Thus, Allan Nevins, in *The Emergence of Lincoln*, is convinced of John Brown's insanity. As part of his evidence he notes that Brown "was subject to extravagant religious fixations. In 1852, worried because his son John did not exhibit piety, he spent an entire month writing a letter of pamphlet length to him, composed largely of scriptural quotations. We might question the sanity of a nearly penniless man with a large family who devotes a month to such an exhortation — which proved futile." A careful reading of the original letter indicates the opposite of what Prof. Nevins believes it to prove, for in the letter Brown writes as follows: "It is now nearly a month since I began on another page. . . . I did not mean that my letter should go off at once, but I have not become very stout, and have a great deal to look after, and have had many interruptions. We have done part of our sowing, and expect to get all our corn (of which we have a good crop) secure from frost this day."

Numerous such examples are to be found in David Donald's biography of Sumner. Since these have been presented elsewhere* in complete detail, one example will suffice. Donald attributes "a natural coldness" to young Sumner. Referring to the death of Sumner's twin sister, Matilda, he observes that when she died, Sumner "coolly recalled the anecdote of the Persian matron, who, told by her monarch that she could 'save from death *one* of her family and relatives,' chose to sacrifice husband and children in order to save her old and decrepit father, 'saying that another husband and other children she might have, *but another father never.*'" When read apart from their context in the original letter and in conjunction with the paragraph which follows them in Donald's book, they suggest Sumner's heartless disregard for his twin sister. The meaning of the letter, however, is quite different. For it was written to his friend Charlemagne Tower in reply to a letter of condolence on the death of Matilda, which had in turn revealed the death of Charlemagne's father. In trying to console his friend, Sumner wrote:

> Permit me to join with you in grief. I offer you my sincere sympathies. The loss of a father I can only imagine: may God put far distant the day when that affliction shall come over me. . . .
>
> You kindly mentioned my sister. I owe every one thanks and regard who speaks of her with respect. But my grief, whatever it may be, has not the source that yours has. A Persian matron, oppressed by a tyrant king, had the leave of the monarch to save from death *one* of her family and relatives. She had many children and a husband; but she had also a father, old and decrepit. Him she selected and saved, saying that another husband and other children she might have, *but another father never.* I have lost a sister; but I still have other sisters and brothers, entitled to my instructions and protection. I strive to forget my loss in an increased regard for the living. . . .

The reader may judge whether these words reflect "a natural coldness" in Sumner's character.

ONE final example of a distortion of history involves the current tendency to deny Garrison's place in the anti-slavery movement. Not only was he a fanatic, he was not even important. Thus Morison and Commager, in the latest edition of their history (fifth edition, 1962), uncritically accept the view of Dwight Dumond and Gilbert Barnes, who unfortunately have found it necessary to tear down Garrison's reputation in order to establish Theodore Weld's, that not Garrison but Weld "was the most important and effective abolition leader." Building upon this unsubstantiated* theory they write that "Weld and two wealthy merchants of New York City, Arthur and Lewis Tappan, organized the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833." While this writer would not deny Weld's greatness or the extent of his contribution to the anti-slavery movement, in actual fact not only did Weld not participate to any important extent in forming the society, he was not even present at its formation in December, 1833. On the other hand, Garrison, who is not mentioned as having had any part in its formation, was not only present at the deliberations, but was instrumental in preventing a postponement of the convention to a later date, accepted one of its offices, and wrote its *Declaration of Sentiments*, the most important docu-

*See this author's "The Pulitzer Prize Treatment of Charles Sumner," *The Massachusetts Review*, Vol. II, No. 4, Summer, 1961, pp. 749-769. Also, Howard N. Meyer, "Donald's Sumner Reconsidered," *The Crisis*, December 1961, pp. 597-612.

*Louis Filler, the historian, and the late Benjamin Thomas, Weld's biographer, have called attention to aspects of this point of view which are built on either insufficient evidence or no evidence at all.

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While examples of distortion due to prejudice may be cited almost ad infinitum, it is important to inquire into the causes of such prejudice. They may be traced to the racist ideology which burgeoned at the end of the last century as the South succeeded in ending Reconstruction and imposing a system of segregation and discrimination to replace the slavery which had been abolished. The Supreme Court and the national government placed their stamp of approval upon the new system and social scientists and historians provided its ideological justification. Negroes were inferior to whites, they were born to serve and whites to rule, legalized segregation and discrimination were a response to the inherent differences between the two races and even slavery itself now came to be regarded as an institution naturally called forth by these differences. William Dunning, a prominent historian and the foremost spokesman of this view, wrote that "slavery had been a *modus vivendi* through which social life was possible; and that, after its disappearance, its place must be taken by some set of conditions which, if more humane and beneficent in accidents, must in essence express the same fact of racial inequality."

ABOLITIONISTS, who had represented the very opposite of this teaching and had not only helped to abolish slavery but had also fought against racial segregation and discrimination, were now regarded as dogmatists and unreasoning fanatics. It may be noted that so great was the prestige of the Dunning school of thought that frequently even those who have believed in racial equality have accepted opinions about the abolitionists which had been based upon the belief in racial inequality. As late as 1940, Howard K. Beale, the historian, noted regretfully that "the ideas of the Dunning school still largely influence writing on the Reconstruction period." And in 1950, Philip Van Doren Stern charged that writers of the South "have now succeeded in convincing almost everyone that her slaveholding economy was actually the flower of American civilization; her historians have persuaded many Northern scholars to believe that slavery really wasn't so bad, and that the 'irrepressible conflict' was not at all necessary. As a result, most Americans now regard Generals Lee and Jackson as national heroes, while the true heroes — the abolitionists — are not only forgotten but despised as zealots and fanatics."

This explanation is, however, only part of the answer. Perhaps equally important is the strongly conservative character of contemporary historical writing in America which, as E. H. Carr has recently pointed out, condemns programs and ideals requiring fundamental changes in American society and derides the spokesmen for such ideals as "doctrinaire" and "extremist." The conservative ideal espouses "piecemeal tinkering" and "muddling through," to use Carr's words, or as David Donald, an enthusiast of this point of view has suggested, "fundamental opportunism." He regards this as "characteristic of major American political leaders from Jefferson to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Our great Presidents have joyously played the political piano by ear, making up the melody as they went." Indeed, he urges that the teacher of history ought not to emphasize or teach values but rather the "nonideological approach" of Abraham Lincoln, "whose one dogma was an absence of dogma." One may question Donald's judgment of Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt as opportunists. But the more important question is: How can historians whose standards of statesmanship are the apotheosis of opportunism, who disdain values, ideals and programs that demand fundamental changes in society, understand the representatives of the anti-slavery movement, who were devoted to ideals, values and a fundamental, indeed revolutionary, change in American society?

Mother of the Buddhas, Queen of Heaven, Mother of the Sun, Marichi, Goddess of the Dawn

old sow in the mud
bristles caked black
down her powerful neck

tiny hooves churn
squat body slithering
deep in food dirt

her warm filth
deep-plowing snout,
dragging teats

those who keep her
or eat her
are cast out

she turns her small eye
from earth to
look up at me.

Gary Snyder

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Morison and Commager, in their previously mentioned history (fifth edition), have written that "The trouble with the abolitionists, as we can see now, was this — they spent all their compassion on the slave and left none for the Southern white man who was equally involved in the system and could see no way to get rid of it."

TO IMPLY, first of all, that any considerable number of slaveholders were faced with the problem of getting rid of slavery is incorrect. The authors are refuted by a statement they make elsewhere in the same volume that "once entangled in the meshes of the system, no planter could escape it, and few wished to." Nor was it impossible for slaveholders to take action toward abolishing the institution. Slavery had been abolished in other countries, under extremely difficult and dangerous conditions. The only prerequisite was a conviction as to its evil, a willingness to withstand the pressures involved in speaking out against it, and a determination to introduce the necessary legislation in each state to abolish it.

Nor were these the only possibilities. Certain slaveholders did free their slaves and others gave up their plantations and went North because they regarded slavery as a crime against humanity. Morison and Commager's sympathy is as misplaced as would be pity for the industrialists and leaders of the Nazi and Fascist parties that profited from forced labor and lived in luxury because of the system. It was cozier and less dangerous to work with the system, but the choice was theirs.

But the statement by our two historians is of great significance for what it reveals about their basic philosophy of history. It calls to mind a comment by Alexis de Tocqueville in *Democracy in America*, that "When the chroniclers of the Middle Ages, who all belonged to the aristocracy by birth or education, relate the tragic end of a noble, their grief flows apace; whereas they tell you at a breath and without wincing of massacres and tortures inflicted on the common sort of people. Not that these writers felt habitual hatred or systematic disdain for the people; war between the several classes of the community was not yet declared. They were impelled by an instinct rather than by a passion; as they had formed no clear notion of a poor man's sufferings, they cared but little for his fate."

Many American historians, with a few notable exceptions, differ but little from their predecessors. The suffering of the white slaveowners, whether before the Civil War or after, is still capable of evoking greater sympathy than that of the slave or the free Negro.

The Historian as Scholar

Adrienne Koch

IN AN animated epistolary discussion of the American Revolution, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, both by then elder statesmen retired from public office, entertained some searching doubts about the manner in which it was being treated by historians. Jefferson, in the course of this exchange in 1815, permitted himself the following outburst: "On the subject of the history of the American Revolution, you ask who shall write it? Who can write it? And who will ever be able to write it? Nobody; except merely its external facts; all its councils, designs, and discussions having been conducted by Congress with closed doors, and with no members, as far as I know, having even made notes of them. These, which are the life and soul of history, must forever be unknown."

One notices Jefferson's vigorous distinction between the external facts, and the life and soul of history. Records of debates, of committee deliberations and motions, and evidences of conflict of various sorts of interests; the power to plan, solve problems and persuade by reason; or to influence by personal traits and social position; the evidence of political alignments and political hostilities—all these he knew to be essential to the meaning of the American Revolution. Without recourse to the record of what men had thought and argued, designed and even tried to get accepted but failed—a record that would catch the thoughts and accents of the human agents who led the revolution, who, in infinite diversity, were moved by what they had learned and read as

ADRIENNE KOCH, professor of history and chairman of American Studies at the University of California, is the author of Power, Morals and the Founding Fathers *(Cornell)*, Jefferson and Madison: The Great Collaboration *(Knopf) and* The Philosophy of Thomas Jefferson *(Columbia)*.

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well as by what they reflected from their particular positions in colonial society—without that evidence, a historical account of the revolution would afford "merely its external facts."

The glad tidings of our present position in the publication of documentary records of the American past, and especially of the dynamic period of the revolution and the creation of the republic, is that some of the "life and soul of history" is at last becoming more fully available in print. In the past dozen years, readers on at least two continents must have sensed some sort of extraordinary activity in the publication of new editions of the papers of leading American statesmen. Professional journals, highbrow and middle-brow periodicals, book sections of newspapers have taken proper note of volume after volume, beginning with *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson.* We now have in print: sixteen volumes of a projected 50-volume edition of *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*; five volumes of a scheduled 40 volumes of *The Papers of Benjamin Franklin*; four volumes, *The Diary and Autobiography of John Adams*, of an estimated 100 volumes of *The Adams Papers* (primarily collections of documents by and to John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and Charles Francis Adams); four volumes of an anticipated 40-volume series of *The Papers of Alexander Hamilton*; and just recently there appeared the first two volumes of *The Papers of James Madison*, a series that perhaps may also run to nearly 40 volumes. A sizable total of notably handsome volumes is thus already in print, and the projects will become a regular library when completed.

MEANWHILE, scholars and students of this formative period in American history, and a wider group who are for differing reasons devotees of these great men, have already begun to profit from, or at the very least enjoy, the depth of human reality revealed in the correspondence presented in these volumes. But the wider public may be puzzled by the proliferation of such large-scale documentary editions and may fail to grasp their significance in the field of historical publications. Were that so, it would be a pity—since these publications represent no less than a bloodless revolution in American history.

In terming this program a revolution, the claim is made that what Americans are likely to inherit from all this extensive publication is infinitely more than an ocean of documents. New emphases in American history, new standards and categories of excellence in editing and scholarship, and new insights into historical evidence and method have already emerged and are bound to increase and multiply as reflection keeps pace with the printed sources.

THE NEED for an objective and fully documented record of reliable texts was acute. It is perhaps not sufficiently understood that little more than a decade ago, one could point to hardly an edition of the writings of even our greatest American statesmen that was adequate or really comprehensive. Our "knowledge" and opinions had been formed on the basis of imperfect and sometimes deliberately or slyly edited texts. The costs of publishing large series of documents were vast, and editors were frequently engaged in other professions and only incidentally willing or able to cope with the severe requirements of truly scholarly editing. No edition comes to mind that attempted to present the papers of an individual together with the papers he received and often responded to. Mean, cheap and ugly printings were pretty much the rule; and when more handsome "library" editions were issued, they were for the most part offered in severely limited numbers, and were likely to be without benefit of careful scholarship.

This prevailed until roughly the midpoint in this century. To do justice to the history of this revolution in documentary publications itself would take us far afield; let us make do with a few of the proximate events that sparked the important new editorial projects that have already borne fruit and promise good vintage in the decade ahead. In the spring of 1950, the quiet halls of the Library of Congress bustled with Secret Service men, government officials, distinguished scholars and gentlemen of the press, come to hear the President of the United States deliver a speech in the Coolidge Auditorium—normally the scene of chamber music quartets and poetry recitals. President Truman's speech that day was occasioned by the presentation to him of the first volume of the new edition of *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*, a project conceived, pursued and carried on through the genius of its chief editor, Julian P. Boyd. President Truman, himself an ardent reader of American history, praised the magnificent volume he held in his hands and expressed the hope that the papers of other American statesmen and leaders would also be published. He requested the National Historical Publications Commission to report a plan for making available "the writings of men whose contributions to our history are now in-

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adequately represented by published works."

This was a breathtakingly broad proposal—the Jefferson Papers had now been pioneered, and an unexpected new frontier opened. The President's words did not die when the ceremony ended. Sufficient enthusiasm had been enlisted to forge in the matter of a few years an extraordinary community of cooperative enterprise. The National Historical Publications Commission, after sustained consultation with American historians, reported a list of recommended projects, indicating priority for the great statesmen of the revolutionary and formative period. Able editors and historians, philanthropic foundations, university presses, private libraries and archives, and countless individual firms and private owners of documents were called upon to play their indispensable roles in the production of the multi-volume publications. If what the eighteenth century called "the Republic of Letters" ever came close to real existence, this cooperative enterprise of private and public professional workers provides the classic (though modern) example.

TODAY, some twenty editorial projects are in various stages of preparation or publication, and about half that many smaller projects are germinating. Of this steadily increasing program looking to comprehensive editions of the writings of those who made major contributions to the development of our democracy, highest priority has been assigned by common agreement between historians and the Commission to the papers of the five great statesmen of the American Enlightenment. A sixth major project, devoted to a subject rather than a person, *The Documentary History of the Ratification of the Constitution and the First Ten Amendments,* is also in a developed stage of editorial preparation at the National Archives. Not all the documentary publications included in the National Historical Publications Commission's broad new program will attempt to follow the complete and comprehensive policy of these high-priority editions. Richard Morris, editor of the John Jay papers, plans to microfilm the bulk of the collection and publish in one large volume only the cream. Philip Hamer, who has recently begun work on the Henry Laurens papers, is thinking roughly of a middle path that should take the edition to approximately ten volumes.

Since the editor of any one of these major large-scale projects must be willing to devote many years of an invariably too-short lifetime to his work, one tends to think in terms of the editor's "calling." Why should accomplished historians and scholars like Julian Boyd, Lyman Butterfield, the editor of the Adams Family Papers, Leonard Labaree of the Franklin Papers, Harold Syrett of the Hamilton Papers, William Hutchinson of the Madison Papers, Robert Cushman of the *Documentary History of the Ratification* be willing to take on a schedule of work that exacts humanistic scholarship, demands mastery of advanced techniques of archival collection and organization, and requires at once the judgment of an engineer-planner and the patience and sensitivity of an artist committed to a vast mural? These editors and their small staffs probably put in as many man-hours of purposeful work as any group of men in the country, including the fond stereotype of "the dedicated scientist" or the "selfless doctor." Of course, they have not the same rewards, nor have they yet been knighted by a government that eschews titles, nor has the greatest of them been recommended for a Nobel Prize.

We will not find the answer to this question by attempting to categorize the editors in terms of their regional origin or economic class or voting record. The only answer that begins to make sense is that these editors love truth (and history) and mean to serve it in the most durable and significant way that they can; and that they especially regard the person whose papers they are editing, or the subject they are presenting, and its surrounding world of persons, places and events as in some sense supremely exciting, full of meaning, and thick with the texture of life and thought whose significance should not be lost to the continuous community of men who care about freedom.

THIS IS the unadvertised story behind the brilliant editorial notes of *The Jefferson Papers,* for example; or the triumphant reconstruction of the original text of *The Diary and Autobiography of John Adams*; or the intricate detective work required to sort out the authentic writings from the falsely attributed writings of Benjamin Franklin. No illustration is effective, however, in suggesting both the scope of these editions and the versatile range of scholarship which the editors must bring to their intricate and various materials. For all these "high priority" projects are agreed upon publishing *complete collections of papers,* including not only all types of correspondence, public papers, journals, diaries, commonplace books, and essays *by* the statesmen, but also the bulk of

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the correspondence received from others.

A few figures might serve to indicate the magnitude of current projects as compared with the earlier so-called "complete" or "definitive" writings. For instance, although at least two earlier editions of Jefferson's writings were considered to be complete, they represented only about fifteen per cent of the documentation that will be included in the new Boyd edition. Apart from volumes devoted to special subjects such as agriculture, architecture, law, linguistics or religion, the correspondence alone contains some 18,000 letters written by Jefferson and about 25,000 (to be printed in full or in brief summary, as judgment dictates) to him. These papers, incidentally, were culled from about 425 different sources, in this country and abroad.

Or consider the Franklin Papers: the largest previous edition of Franklin's writings presented about 2,000 documents, nearly all by Franklin himself. The new Labaree edition will present about ten times that amount (including correspondence *to* Franklin). For the Madison Papers, some 23,300 documents have been assembled in the editorial files to date. Earlier editions of Madison's writings provided the reader with approximately one-sixth of the extant documents by him and a mere handful (49 documents) of the 15,000 extant letters addressed to him. The Adams Family Papers is the most mammoth of all the projects, since it is concerned with a family that included three generations of important and learned statesmen and since to be an Adams meant that you kept a journal or diary and wrote by instinct, training and habit almost from the cradle to the grave. It is, therefore, in the realm of wild guesses to estimate the numbers of volumes; at various times, however, Mr. Butterfield has said that more than 100 might be published.

AN OCCASIONAL hothead, even within academic circles, fires salvos at these large-scale, comprehensive, carefully annotated documentary publications. Instead of shouting, as does the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*, of the crying baby: "Off with its head," these critics temporize with "put it on microfilm!" In short, leave it to the scholars —let them endure the back and neck strain, the aching eyes which microfilm reading invariably produces. Collect the documents? Yes. Organize them in some meaningful sequence? Perhaps. Study them in the light of all the criteria of modern documentary scholarship — for authenticity, variant texts, related documents, identification of missing words, phrases, parts, and information on the background of events and explication of difficult, obscure, or mystifying references and passages? Probably not, for by this time the editorial costs for the microfilm approach those for a full publishing plan. But the root question is this: are scholars of the given period, or of the given individual, alone to use and benefit by these collected papers? What, in short, is the value of these massive series, and these finely composed, printed and bound volumes to a larger world than the historical specialist (who can and should struggle along with the miseries of microfilm substitutes)? To put it with a somewhat different emphasis, on the assumption that these complete editions continue to issue from the press, what difference will it make to American history, to the American people, and to the world?

I cannot take a lesser ground than this—these writings do indeed promise to transform American history; to give to the reading part of the American people the means to win back the legacy that the farsighted founding statesmen were concerned to give them; and they will exert an invaluable influence on the world-wide evaluation of American civilization, the character of its great leaders, and the contribution of American philosopher-statesmen to political thought and institutions. The whole movement of ideas and political inventions that produced the American Revolution, the Articles of Confederation, the republican state constitutions, the Constitution and the operative, representative government of a two-party system—a period of time that has come to be known as the American Enlightenment—has been described as "one of the most informed public debates on the nature of free institutions ever to grace the annals of any nation." Indeed, if one includes the French Revolution, the other great political movement of that same era, Max Beloff's judgment is pertinent—that these two movements "were accompanied in the whole of the western world, by the most prolonged and far-reaching examination of the basis of society and government which had been attempted since the age of Plato and Aristotle."

IN RECENT years, Americans have become accustomed to the exhortation to "move forward" (in a pet phrase of the President). But to "move forward" implies that we know our present location, and such knowledge is radically defective without a knowledge of the past of which the present is an evanescent daily slice. For today, as never before, the

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American world is charged with understanding and explaining to a world-wide community its revolutionary past, its federalism, its concern with freedom and equality, its ideas, ideals, institutions, and the great men who helped make its history. In this connection one might cite the *aperçu* of the irrepressible Denis Brogan, that the trend in American-British relations is from contempt to concern; and that these countries must learn the historical forces which shape their respective characters.

Should the six high-priority publication projects be sustained until they are completed, Americans might have within their grasp the means to fulfill a cherished goal of James Madison:

"It has been the misfortune of history that a personal knowledge and an impartial judgment of things, can rarely meet in the historian. The best history of our country therefore must be the fruit of contributions bequeathed by contemporary actors and witnesses, to successors who will make an unbiased use of them. And if the abundance and authenticity of the materials which still exist in private as well as in public repositories among us should descend to hands capable of doing justice to them, then American History may be expected to contain more truth, and lessons certainly not less valuable, than that of any Country or age whatever."

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

DAVID ROSS'S old playhouse at 83 East 4th Street, which looked like an accident, has recently been refurbished by an organization calling itself the Writers' Stage so that it looks like a theatre. This group plans to feature the work of fledgling dramatists, and has begun its career with David Rayfiel's *P.S. 193*. It is fantastic.

When I say "fantastic" I do not mean that the play is extraordinarily meritorious or a fantasy, but rather that it emerges from the author's unconscious with an effect that is almost eerie. Something is going on in *P.S. 193*, or more pointedly in its author. The result is not polished craftsmanship but a quality that definitely arrests our attention.

The occasion might be easily misconstrued as anti-war propaganda. (Most such pieces are singularly ineffective for everyone of a contrary disposition.) *P.S. 193* is a study of a "pure intellectual," Jonathan Kobitz, a professor of philosophy at an American university. His course—sometimes referred to as a "crap course" and in terms of the academic largely unreal—is chiefly concerned with prodding his students' minds. He has no point of view of his own; he deals in semantics, abstruse speculations, suppositions entirely removed from practical consequences.

One of the professor's students, very much in adoring awe of him, has been drafted to the battle front of the Korean war, where in the midst of engagements he reads letters from the professor that are full of Sartrian philosophical terminology and Malraux's metaphysical psychology. The student has never been prepared for any sort of reality. He has merely been exalted by the cool air of his professor's dilettante cerebration and is immediately killed. The boy's superior, Corporal Mario Saccone, very fond of his charge, is outraged by the influence that the professor—whom he knows only through the boy's enthusiasm—has had on him. In a paroxysm of vindictive fury, Saccone determines to make the professor pay for the damage he has unwittingly done.

ON RETURNING to the States, Saccone enrolls as a special student in Kobitz's class. He means to expose the professor to himself, to his students, to his wife. The professor must learn—as violently and as painfully as possible—that he and his like are responsible for much of the mischief that besets humanity. Such intellectuals as Kobitz (might this include a Socrates?) who play with ideas as with toys and shun contact with deeds and facts (there is a difference, Saccone insists, between war-talk and war) are misleaders and corrupters. They are incapable of purposeful, constructive action.

This appears to be borne out by Kobitz's relationship with his wife. She is an alcoholic, and that condition, while it mortifies him, is one he has no capacity to mitigate. What is worse, he is presumably an insufficiently ardent or prompt lover—and not even "man" enough to hit Saccone who has, by way of demonstration, roughed up Mrs. Kobitz. The professor is little more than a passive spectator, a fabricator of cerebral

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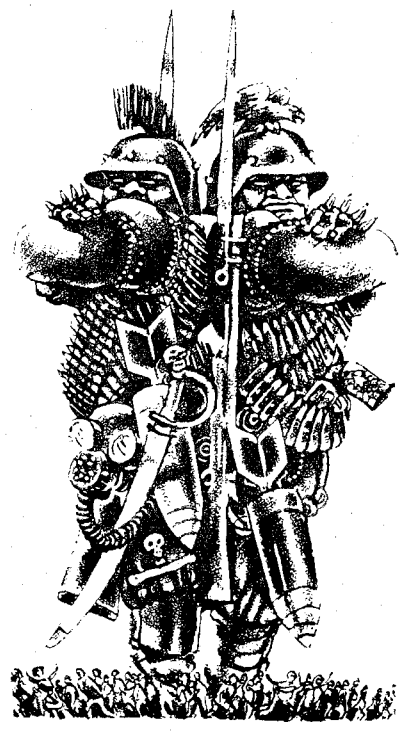

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constructs, and in the face of real events a coward. That is what Saccone has savagely proved. In the end, that is what Kobitz, on the verge of returning to the womb of his primary school teaching, begins to realize. He now understands that he has never taken responsibility for his ideas nor ever attempted to embody them in action.

My summary hardly conveys the quality of suspense which the stage narration of this story creates. The play provokes a strange terror. (A number of recent novels by Saul Bellow, Bernard Malamud and others also dramatize the confrontation of an individual with certain retributive figures in the manner of a would-be assassin coming to dwell with, and seemingly to befriend, his victim.) In *P.S. 193* what is terrifying appears to emanate not so much from the objective opposition of Kobitz and Saccone—one all ironic amenity and the other all febrile menace—as from something in the dramatist himself.

This subjective struggle suggests, as in certain Strindberg plays, that the author's conscience contains both Kobitz and Saccone. (The teacher is on the whole treated with more sympathy than the fiendish soldier.) The author has used his play to admonish and to punish himself. It is a self-inflicted lashing. What results from this is dramatic and intellectual confusion, together with something unmistakably stirring.

To create significant theatre it is not first of all necessary—though certainly desirable—to be "clear." (Most plays we see are unfortunately all too clear!) It is essential that a play be born of a living and substantial impulse. *P.S. 193* has this. It is more than a play in progress; it is the sign of a human soul in evolution. The spectacle is affecting.

Severn Darden, perhaps the wittiest mind of the "Second City" company, plays Kobitz convincingly both as to his moral frailty and fear and as to his ratiocinative agility and pleasure. The ubiquitous James Earl Jones plays Saccone with harrowing power. Each actor provides an ideal foil for the other.

More important, however, than anything I have thus far indicated is my conviction that such plays as *P.S. 193* (and such organizations as Writers' Stage promises to be) are to be encouraged, *and visited,* by those who concern themselves seriously with the theatre. For all their immaturity, they are far more useful to the development of our stage than most of the rotten ripe fruit offered for our delectation at many more "professional" places.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

THE SPECIAL value of a live concert lies not only in the presence of significant music performed with skill and penetration, but also in the cogent musical intelligence manifested in the construction of the program as a whole. But such cogency, whatever form it may take, can hardly be expected within the rigid and unrealistic framework of the modern concert world. Ever since composers and performers became functionally, intellectually and artistically separated (say, around 1920), the realm of musical performance has been artificial, out of contact with the living growth of music, and sustained mainly by narcissism and inertia.

The result is that programs are designed to serve the performer rather than the music, and works are chosen, not for their individual qualities, but according to a mechanical process in which each is merely a representative of one of the "types" of music that must be present on a "standard" program. The process is something like making up a sure-fire political ticket in an ethnically diverse community. Every pianist, for example, must play a "group" of pre-Beethoven music (symbolizing his historical awareness), a "big sonata," probably by Beethoven, Chopin, or Brahms (to indicate intellectual profundity and technical mastery), some nineteenth-century music (to establish soulful, human sensibility) and a twentieth-century "vehicle," to demonstrate a firm sense of responsibility toward the living composer. Even responsible and serious musicians, such as the pianist Charles Rosen, must offer "representative" programs if they are to continue being booked by concert managers. In Rosen's case the individual works are always chosen with wisdom and care, but though genuinely distinguished in themselves, they are nevertheless representative of the inevitable "categories." For instance, his New York concert on November 12 included the American premiere of Pierre Boulez' Third Sonata, a work of the most formidable interpretive and mechanical difficulty, along with a Mozart Rondo, the Beethoven Sonata Op. 111, and the Schumann *Carnaval.*

Even deviations from the general pattern follow a predictable course, since they are primarily chosen according to the public "image" a performer wishes to project. These categories are well defined, and a particular type of program is guaranteed to elicit an automatic characterization in the newspapers. To be a "virtuoso," one plays a great deal of Liszt and Rachmaninoff. A "romantic" obviously plays many short pieces by Chopin and Schumann. The "serious musician" plays one of the long Bach

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works, and late Beethoven, and the "scholarly" performer, for his "unhackneyed" program, unearths obscure but insignificant works by Mozart or Beethoven, or music by justly neglected composers such as Clementi, Dittersdorf, or Raff, and occasionally will even take an intrepid dip into the remotest corners of history to come up with a fifteenth-century precursor of *Humoresque*.

HOWEVER harmless in themselves these grotesque frivolities may be, they are dangerous when they supplant the performer's essential function as the public exponent and interpreter of a developing musical literature. Needless to say, this literature cannot be adequately represented by essentially historical programs, no matter how serious in intent. Nor, for that matter, is it fully served even by important "new music" concerts that, as literally "avant-garde," reveal the furthest point reached by new musical thought along a road that is, as far as the concert-goer is concerned, increasingly uncharted. Not only does the "new music" need to be heard often and in many contexts and circumstances, but its development and origins in tradition need constantly to be defined and re-evaluated. It is only in fulfilling this function that public performance of *all* music can reacquire cogency; the proper "standard repertory" should be the body of works that form *present* tradition, the newly canonized "classics" in terms of which any tenable attitude toward the entire literature of music, historical as well as contemporary, must be defined.

The change in attitude and format that such an approach would entail is formidable. For one thing, the twentieth-century repertory is increasingly less homogeneous in its range of media, so that a piano, violin, or even string quartet recital in the old sense is not likely to be as productive of the most interesting programs; a mixture of media, admittedly more cumbersome and expensive, reflects much better the contemporary predilection. And instead of pretending to "serve the public" by pleasing an audience that simply does not know what it wants, the performer must begin to instill in it an awareness of quality through the experience of his concerts. In this context, the place of historical music is genuine and essential; the presence of a Beethoven violin sonata on a program, consisting otherwise of, say, Schönberg's violin-piano Phantasy, the Stravinsky *Duo Concertant*, and the Sessions Duo, would be a real event and reveal clearly what was still alive and developing in it, as well as the way in which the recent works were deeply involved with its tradition.

Up to now, however, concerts reflecting an awareness of these necessities have mainly taken place at universities, where the inevitable amateurism severely limits their quality and frequency. Because of this, the concert of twentieth-century "classics" given on November 8 at Carnegie Recital Hall under the direction of Gunther Schuller seemed an event of the highest significance, as much for the sheer stunning professionalism of its performances as for its demonstration of the musical potency still available from a program of "familiar" music. The quality of the program itself was such that no "gimmicks" were required to give it the semblance of importance, although Mr. Schuller was unfortunately not self-confident enough to avoid calling the program "Twentieth Century Innovations" and describing his series as a group of "musical-historical formats." It seemed particularly unfortunate that this unnecessary issue was raised because, although Webern's Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 10, Stravinsky's Octet, and Schönberg's *Kammersymphonie* obviously belong among the primary innovations of the century, the relevance of Milhaud's "poême plastique" *L'Homme et son Désir* and the Messiaen *Oiseaux Exotiques* would have to be questioned.

AS IT WAS, the clarity of Mr. Schuller's performances fortunately left little reason for anyone to read his program notes. Although not especially searching or original as a conductor, he seems full of knowledge about the ways instruments articulate, project and combine, as well as how they were intended to do so by each composer in each individual work. The program brought out

Tying Tomatoes

Having seen on the staves
that weedy ascension of petals, aerial nightshade,
the green orb under the star
in a bracken of leafage where color awakens,
I climb the tomato, packing the stalks on the stakes,
toward castles and psalters, the magical poultry, and Jack:

And descend, in a game of the casual —
a child's sleepy surprises, a child's commonplaces —
to the other side of the vegetable, the lair
of the carnivore, the killer
of giants,
where the mace of the ogre arises.

The shadow that falls on my fingers,
the sensual frenzy
that thickens the leafage and blackens my thumb-print,
remains. "Green thumb," I say, while the chalk of my knucklebone
numbs under tap-water and the snore in the drain
is chartreuse. *An axe-blade slams in the stalk.*

Ben Belitt

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his best qualities, for all the works except the Schönberg make important formal points through their instrumental characteristics. The Milhaud is one of the most interesting of his "South American" works, chiefly because of its textural antiphony, striking (if often overextended) rhythmic ostinato patterns, and a prophetically continuous backdrop of (mostly soft) percussion. Each of the Webern pieces projects its essentially simple formal idea in a single intense timbral image, the most remarkable of which is the sustained fabric of mandolin and guitar chords in the third piece. The Messiaen bird-calls were inoffensively garrulous, and mostly made it possible for the accomplished pianist Paul Jacobs and the ensemble of winds to demonstrate how brilliantly they could overcome immense practical difficulties.

Schuller's reading of the Stravinsky *Octet* again revealed his resourcefulness in its careful observance of Stravinsky's own approach, particularly in the subtly unemphatic way of marking accentuations. The instrumental balance was consistently weighted to maintain the clarity of the harmonic and linear structure, although some articulative trouble developed in the dovetailed runs of the variations movement, where each instrument took its stretch at a slightly different tempo, and the second bassoon was occasionally missing at its most prominent moments. In the Schönberg *Kammersymphonie,* on the other hand, Schuller was much less successful in maintaining the formal thread through the long spans of contrapuntal and harmonic development. Even so, the remarkable ability of Schönberg's "ear" to maintain a clear and unequivocal sense of harmonic position, despite a certain formal confusion in the attempt to control a full-blown chromaticism by means of rigorous procedures derived from Classical models, was always evident in the performance.

PERHAPS the most auspicious aspect of this concert was the appearance of an ensemble of freelance players drawn from the highest echelon of New York's instrumental aristocracy, who together gave a matter-of-fact demonstration of nearly flawless ensemble technique in terms of balance, attack, agility, and articulation, committing fewer errors after only three rehearsals than most of the much-vaunted European groups are able to manage after fifteen. If Mr. Schuller's series continues on this level, it may provide a superlative model for the thorough reinvigoration of public musical activity.

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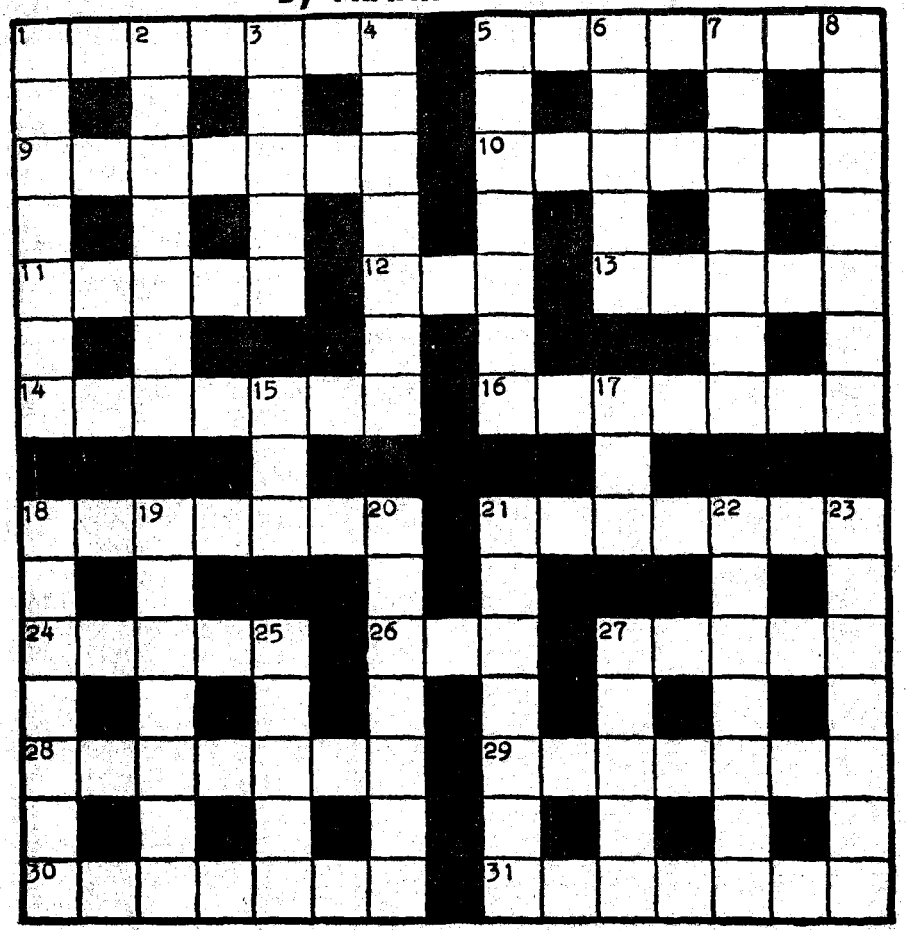
Crossword Puzzle No. 986

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Butter one side of the paper? What behavior! (7)
5 Difficult shot to make at the meet, if one is so pressed. (4, 3)
9 There's something about me which is worn out in turn—but it's hardly the mark of distinction. (7)
10 Simon is being sent, peculiarly enough. (7)
11 and 12 No real strain for Tom, by implication. (5, 3)
13 See 27 across.
14 Went away as Yum-Yum was supposed to have done with the Lord High Executioner. (7)
16 Early comer around Boston? (7)
18 What spelunkers have to do in the hollow? (7)
21 It irritates in such a way as to give indication of prestige to the French. (7)
24 See 7 down.
26 Shoot for the vessel! (3)
27, 13 across and 25 down The Light Brigade shouldn't have gone into the Jaws of Hell as long as the enemy was! (5, 2, 3, 5)
28 Do they try to make canopies? (7)
29 You might see such things double on the range. (7)
30 Marked "Not Cheddar" when the Old Girls aren't there? (7)
31 Such parts of the sigh should be equal. (7)

DOWN:

1 Make a new version of what the Volga Boatman could have poled? (7)
2 Evidently the fall flower lost its sap, but it's not clearly stated. (7)
3 Sounds as though the line is abeam. (5)
4 Inveigled. (7)
5 The ram's quite a small animal, though! (7)
6 Furnish with a new type of trees? (5)
7 and 24 How to show where the period is in the race? (5, 2, 5)
8 This is really touching! (7)
15 and 17 Certainly not a light description of a meadow animal's home. (6)
18 Brown hats? Quite the reverse aboard ship. (7)
19 Ten things women polish and carpenters use. (4, 3)
20 Is it shown to the public that sex and dope shouldn't mix? (7)
21 Proving even a cad can be capable of being measured. (7)
22 Playing about with an animal, and a possible net result. (7)
23 Sits rather awkwardly when the head is unhappy with such people. (7)
25 See 27 across.
27 Following the model of what might cause you to lift your hood? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 985

ACROSS: 1 Insignificant; 9 Valet; 10 Telephoto; 11 Sockeye; 12 Glitter; 13 Mains; 14 Habitants; 16 Needfully; 18 Fargo; 19 Caloric; 21 Outward; 22 Uncorrupt; 23 Ilion; 24 Lunatic fringe.
DOWN: 1 Investment club; 2 Selective; 3 Gathers; 4 Istle; 5 Illegibly; 6 Appoint; 7 Trout; 8 Correspondence; 14 Holocaust; 15 Narration; 17 Forerun; 18 Fattier; 20 Local; 21 Optic.

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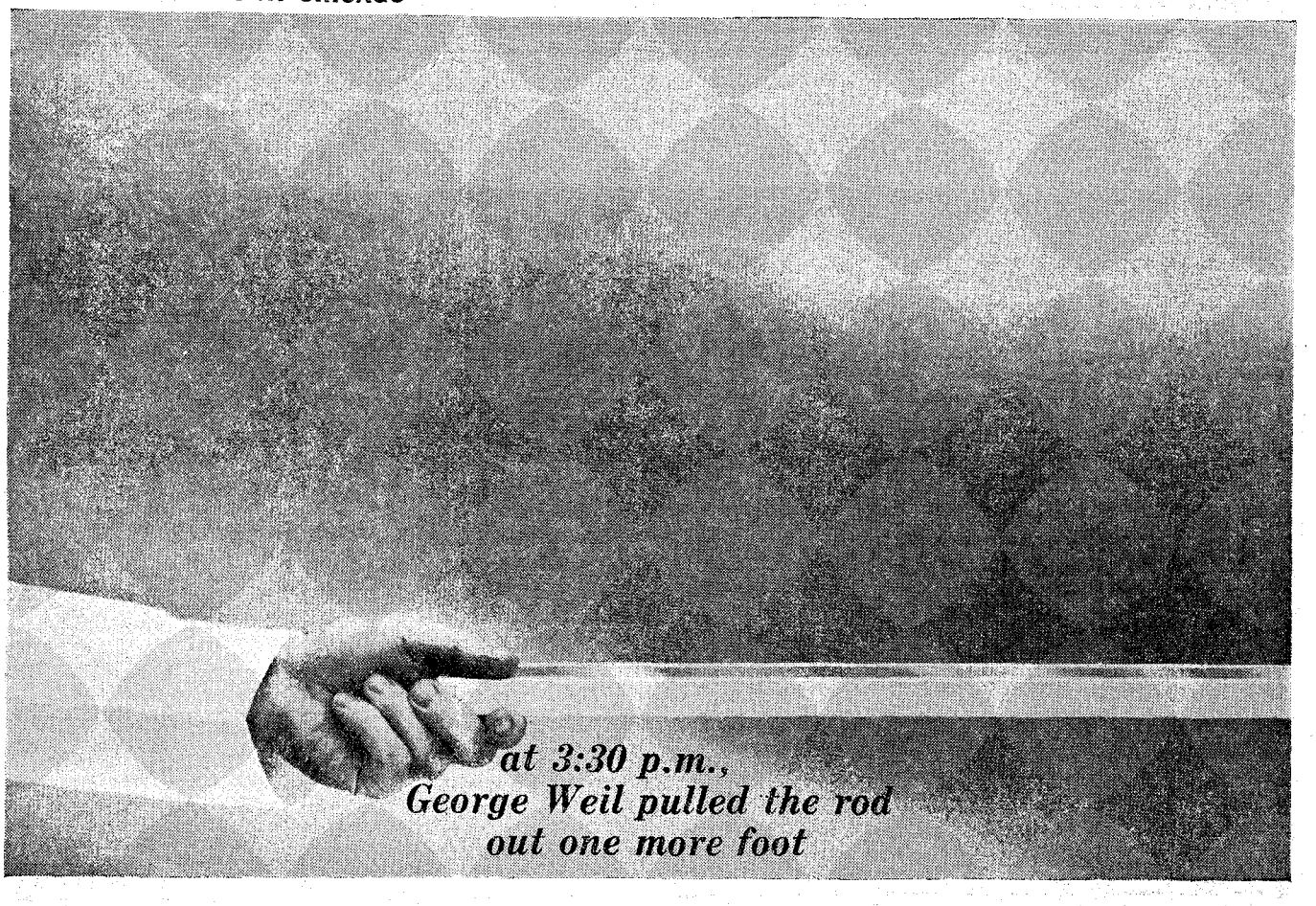

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*the above event is recorded in LIVING WITH THE ATOM *by Ritchie Calder*

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